

CRIME  
AND  
JUSTICE

# CRIME and JUSTICE

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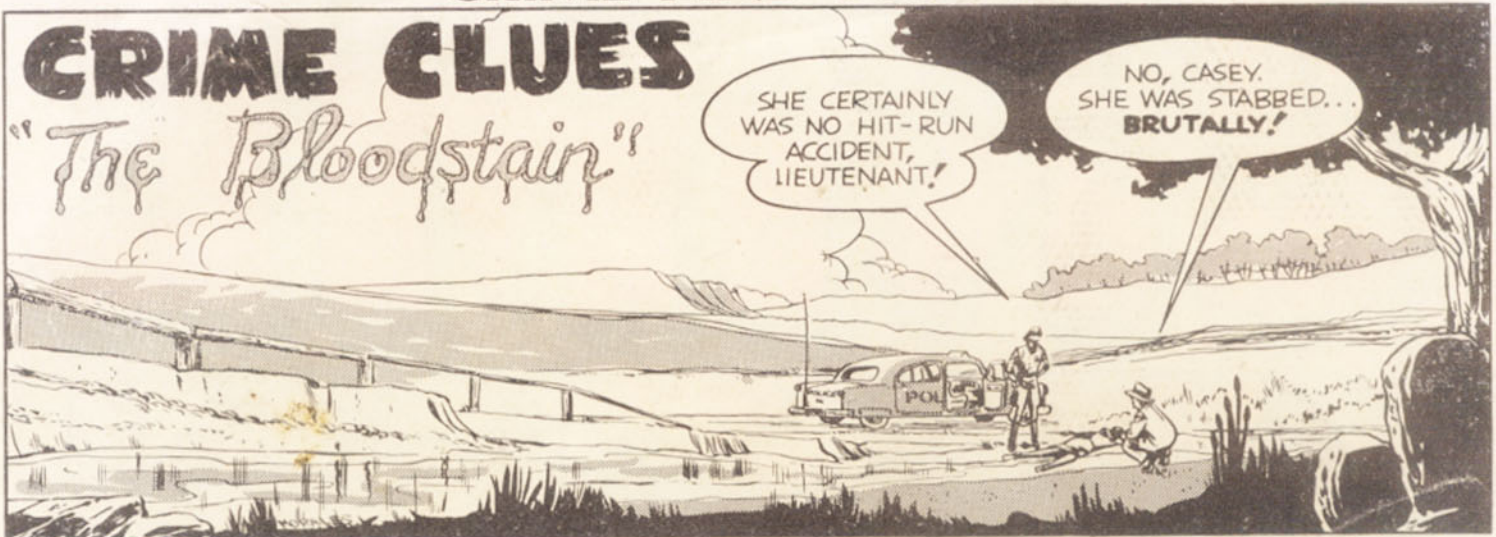
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# CRIME AND JUSTICE

## CRIME CLUES

### "The Bloodstain"



SHE CERTAINLY WAS NO HIT-RUN ACCIDENT, LIEUTENANT!

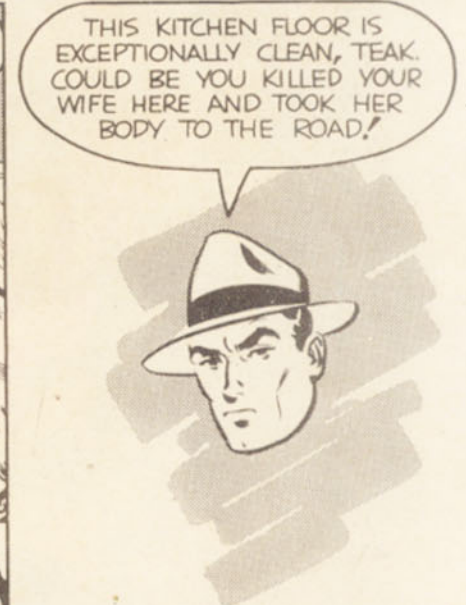
NO, CASEY. SHE WAS STABBED... BRUTALLY!

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, SHERIFF?

HM... THAT'S LYLE TEAK'S WIFE. HE'S A FARMER OVER IN GREEN KNOLL, LIEUTENANT.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU COPS ARE TALKING ABOUT! MY WIFE LEFT ME THREE DAYS AGO!

THIS KITCHEN FLOOR IS EXCEPTIONALLY CLEAN, TEAK. COULD BE YOU KILLED YOUR WIFE HERE AND TOOK HER BODY TO THE ROAD!



YOU GOT HERE FAST, BOYS. USE THOSE CROWBARS ON THE FLOORS... SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'RE GOING TO FIND CONVICTING EVIDENCE!



THERE IT IS SHERIFF! HE SCRUBBED THE FLOORS, BUT HE COULDN'T GET AT THE INSIDE EDGES OF THE BOARDS... WHERE THE BLOOD SEEPED THROUGH!

ALL RIGHT... I DID IT! BUT SHE HAD IT COMIN'! SHE NAGGED UNTIL I JUST COULDN'T TAKE ANY MORE!



# CRIME AND JUSTICE

**W**HERE DANGER, MURDER AND EXCITEMENT IS, THERE YOU WILL FIND MR. AND MRS. CHASE. ADD TO IT AN INSANE ASYLUM AND A FORTUNE AT STAKE AND YOU HAVE A MYSTERY THAT WILL BAFFLE EVEN **YOU!** SO... COME ALONG ON...

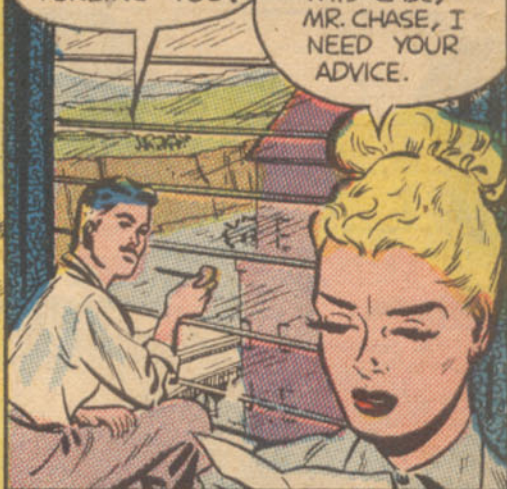
## THE CHASE!



THAT STRAIGHT JACKET  
FITS YOU PERFECTLY.  
TOO BAD YOU  
HAD TO GO  
AROUND IM-  
PERSONATING  
CURTIS CHASE!

I DON'T LIKE  
THE WAY YOU'RE  
WRINKLING YOUR  
FOREHEAD, MERRY.  
SOMETHING DIS-  
TURBING YOU?

I NEVER WAS  
GOOD AT CON-  
CEALING MY  
THOUGHTS OR  
FEELINGS. IN  
THIS CASE,  
MR. CHASE, I  
NEED YOUR  
ADVICE.



YOU REMEMBER LUCILLE COLEMAN?  
WE MET HER FOUR YEARS AGO IN  
FLORIDA. SHE THINKS HER UNCLE  
IS TRYING TO PUT HER INTO AN  
INSANE ASYLUM TO GAIN CONTROL  
OF HER FORTUNE. WANTS US TO  
HELP. SHE SAYS IT'S URGENT.

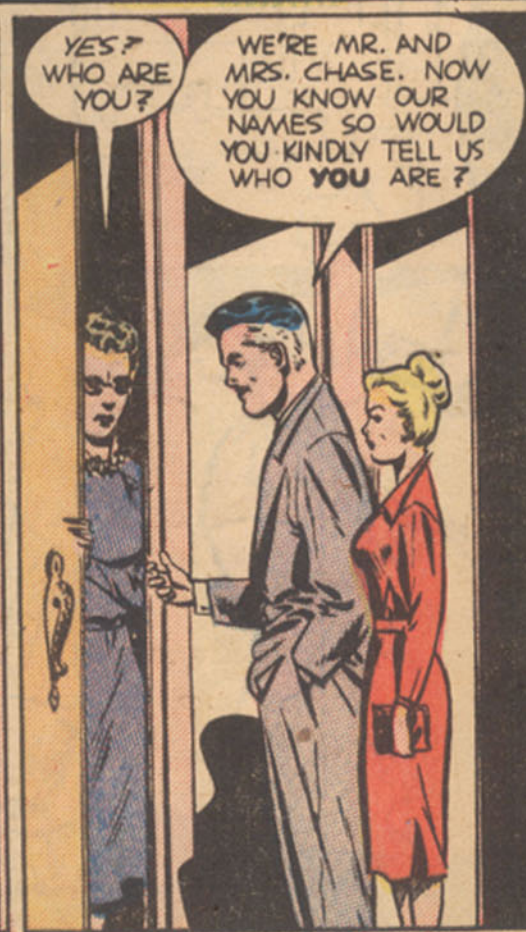
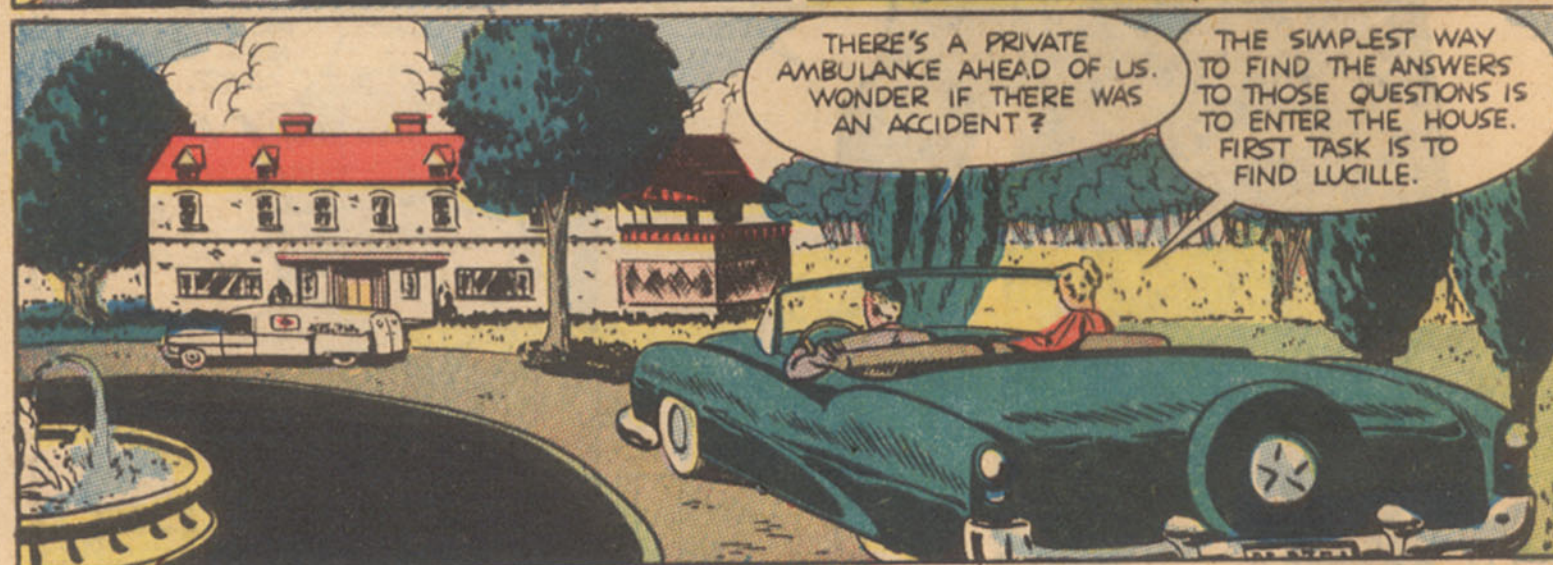
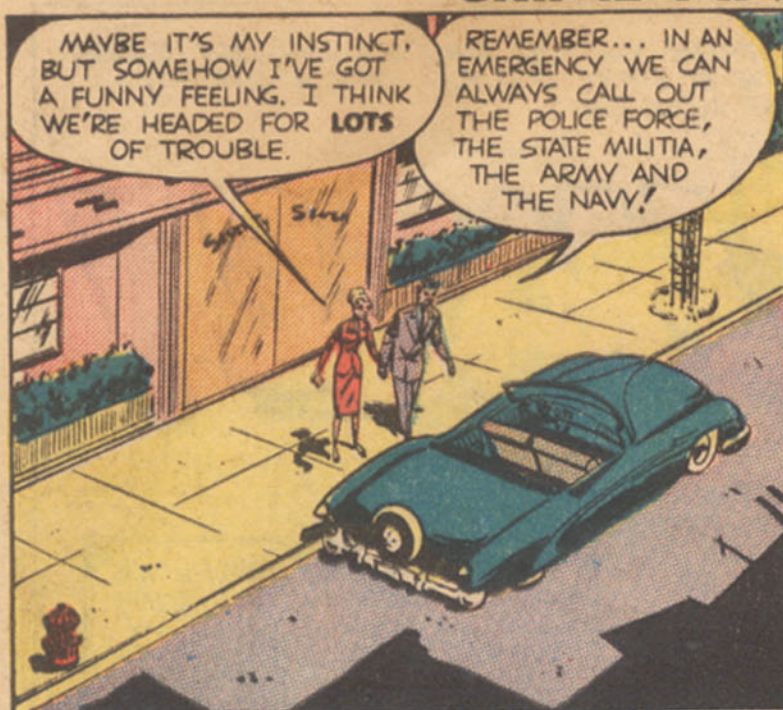
JUST WHEN I WAS  
ABOUT TO SUGGEST  
WE SPEND A WEEK-  
END AT THE SEA-  
SHORE! WELL...  
THE CHASES TO  
THE RESCUE!



LOU  
MORALES

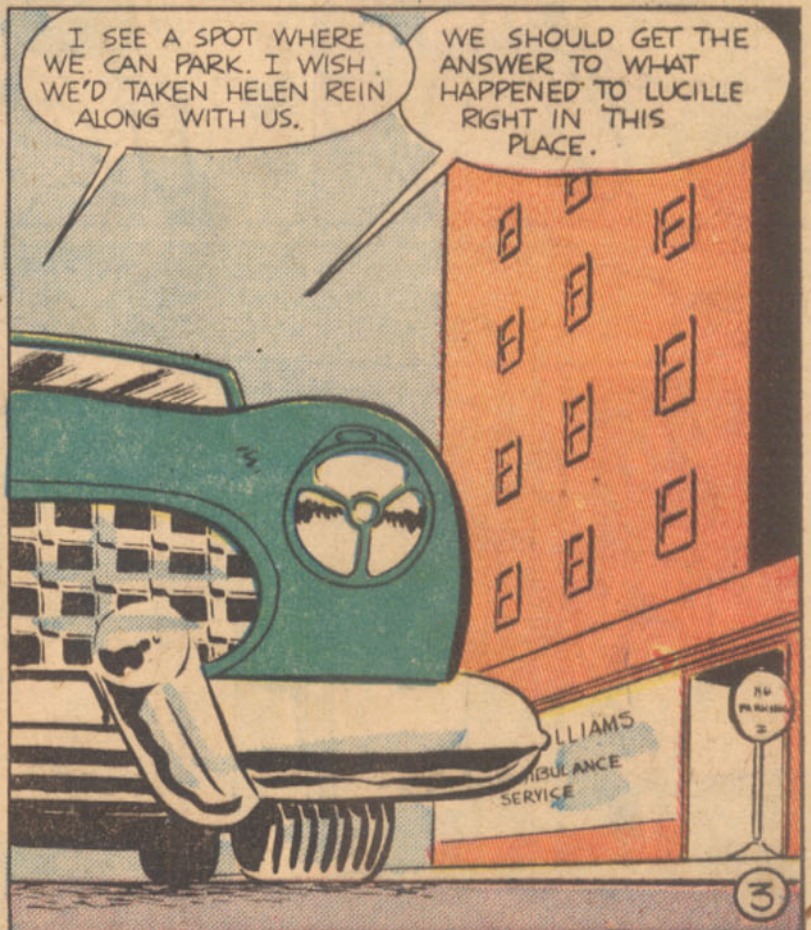
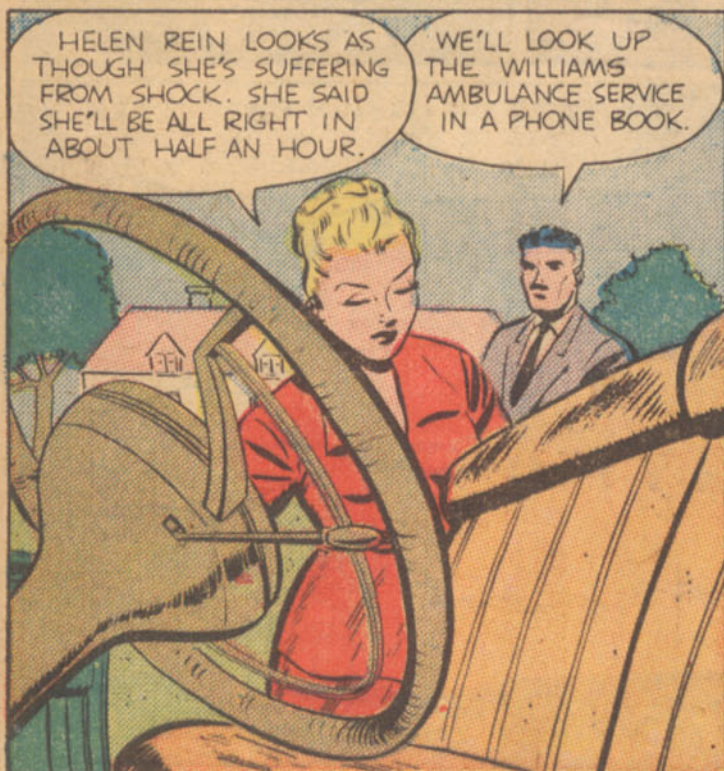
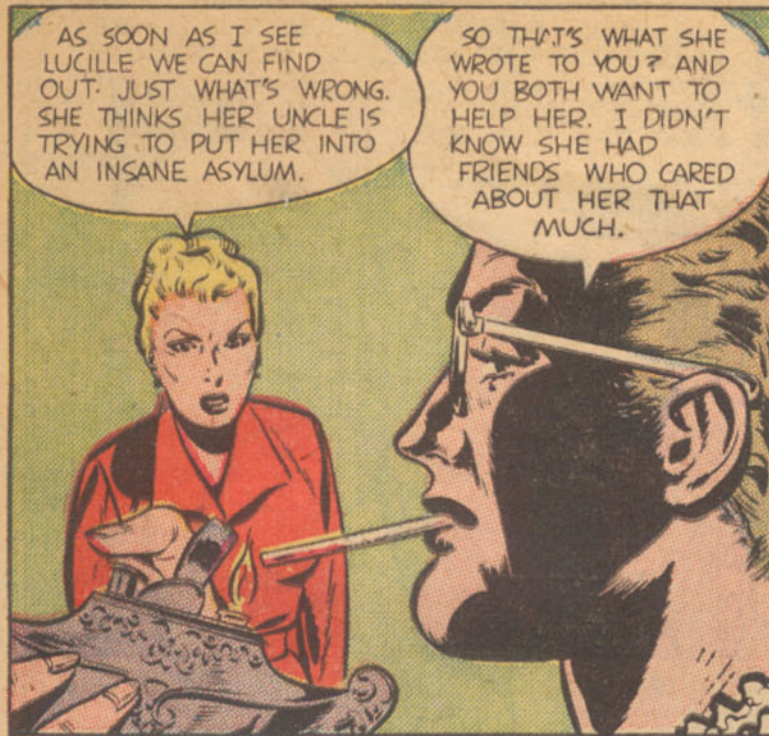


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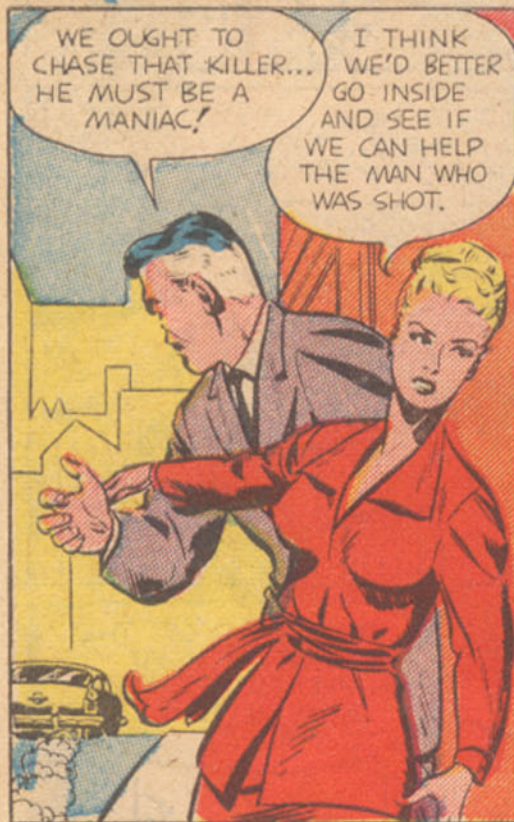
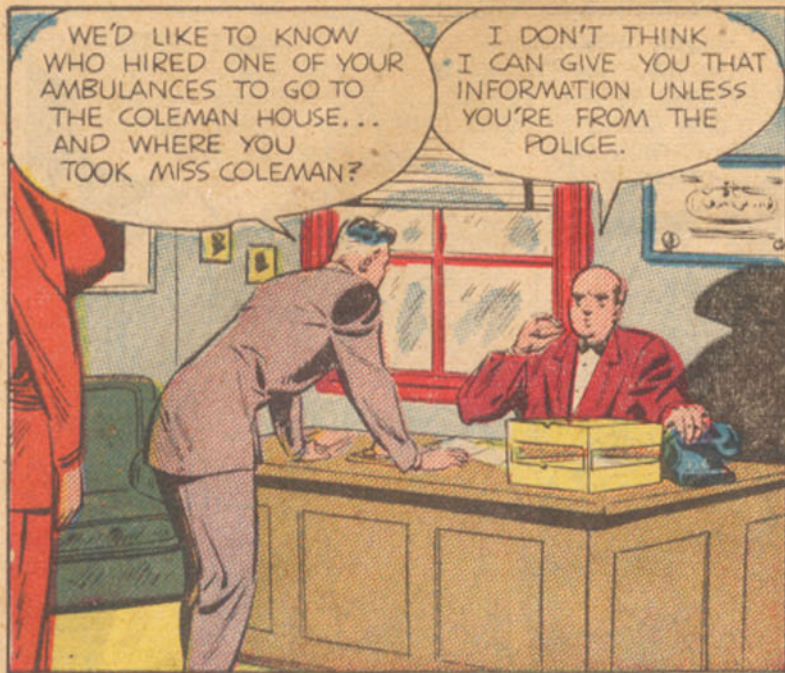


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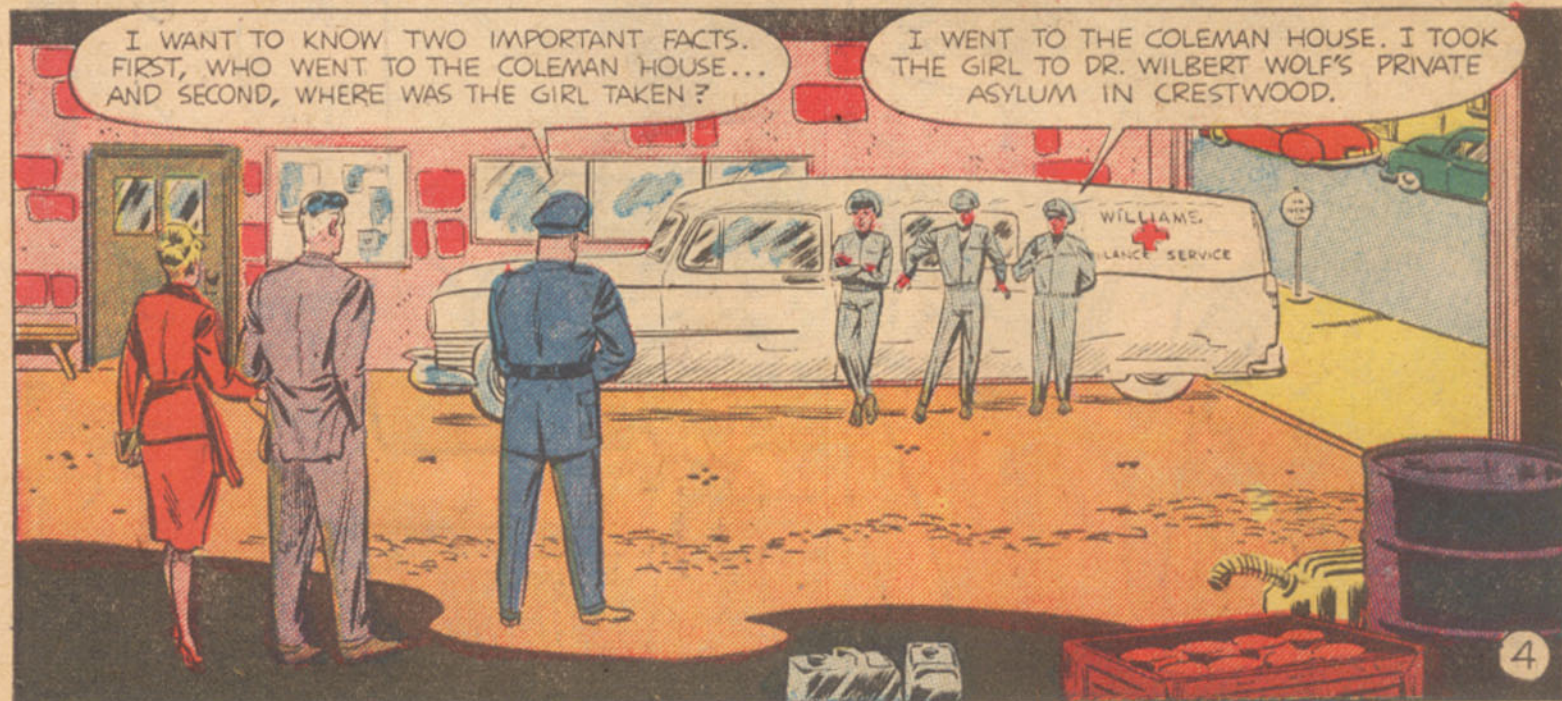
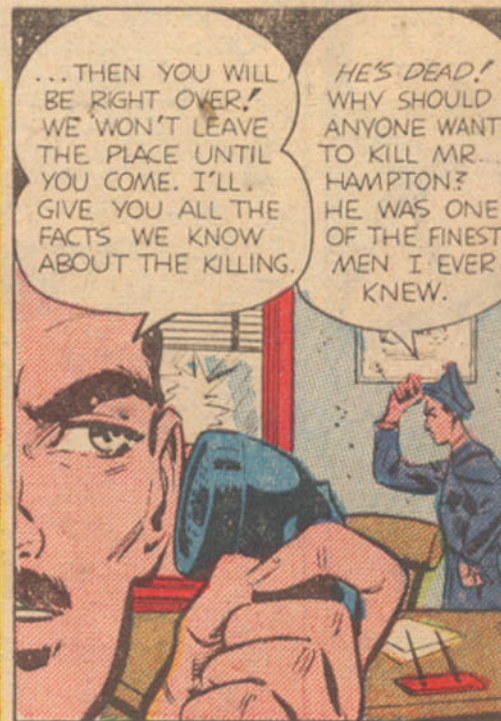




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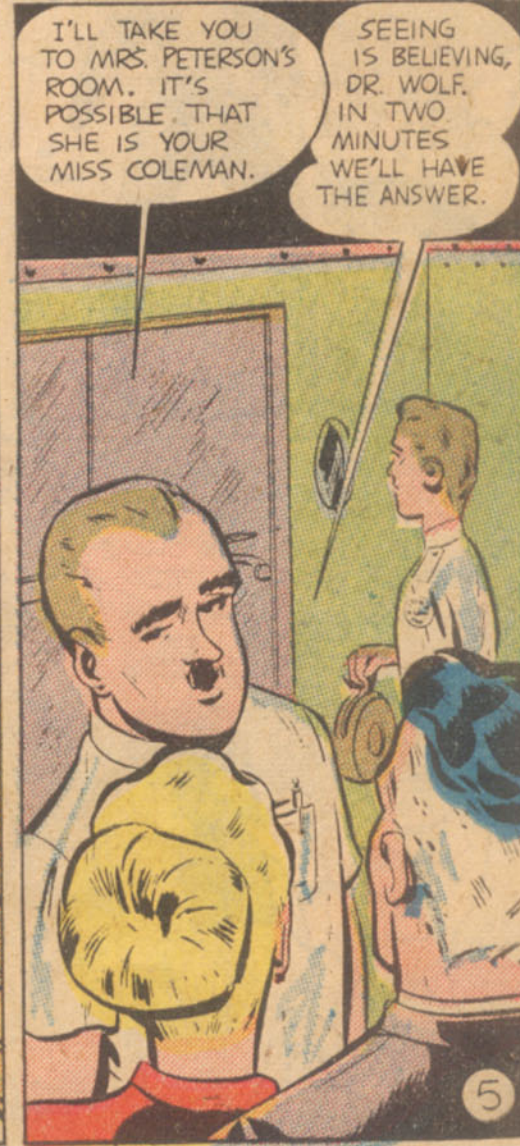
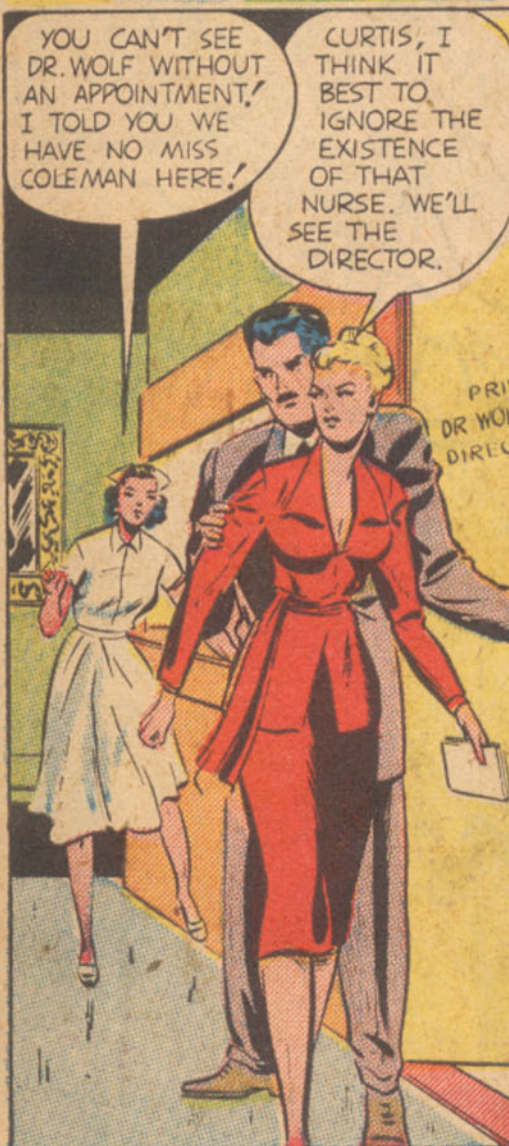
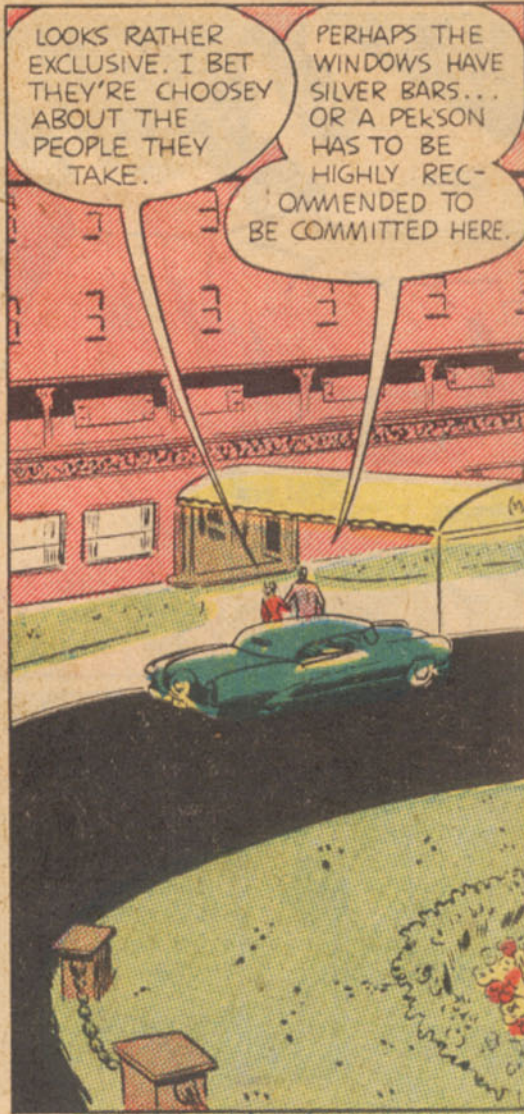


**C**URTIS IMMEDIATELY CALLED HIS FRIEND, CAPTAIN MAX HAAS OF HOMICIDE...



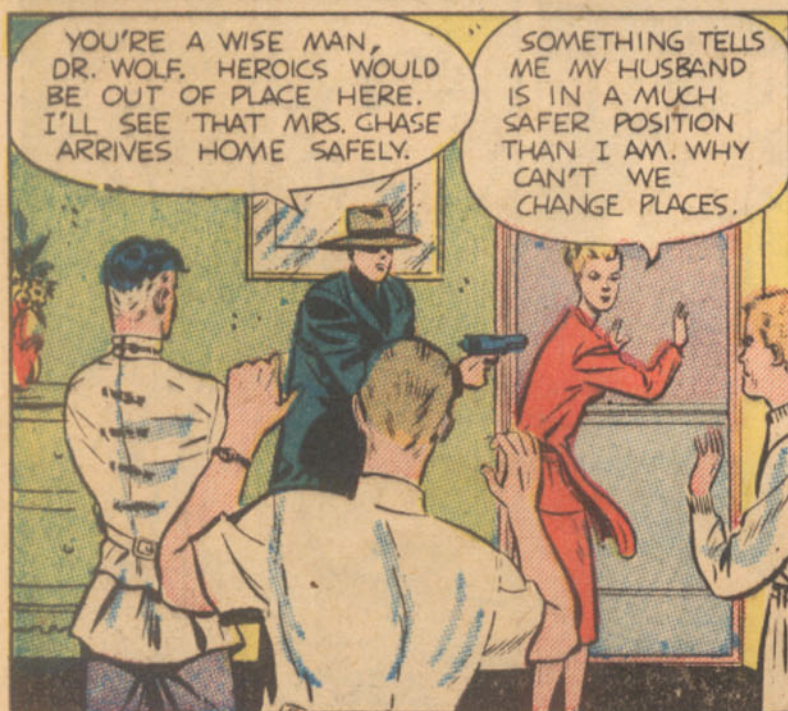
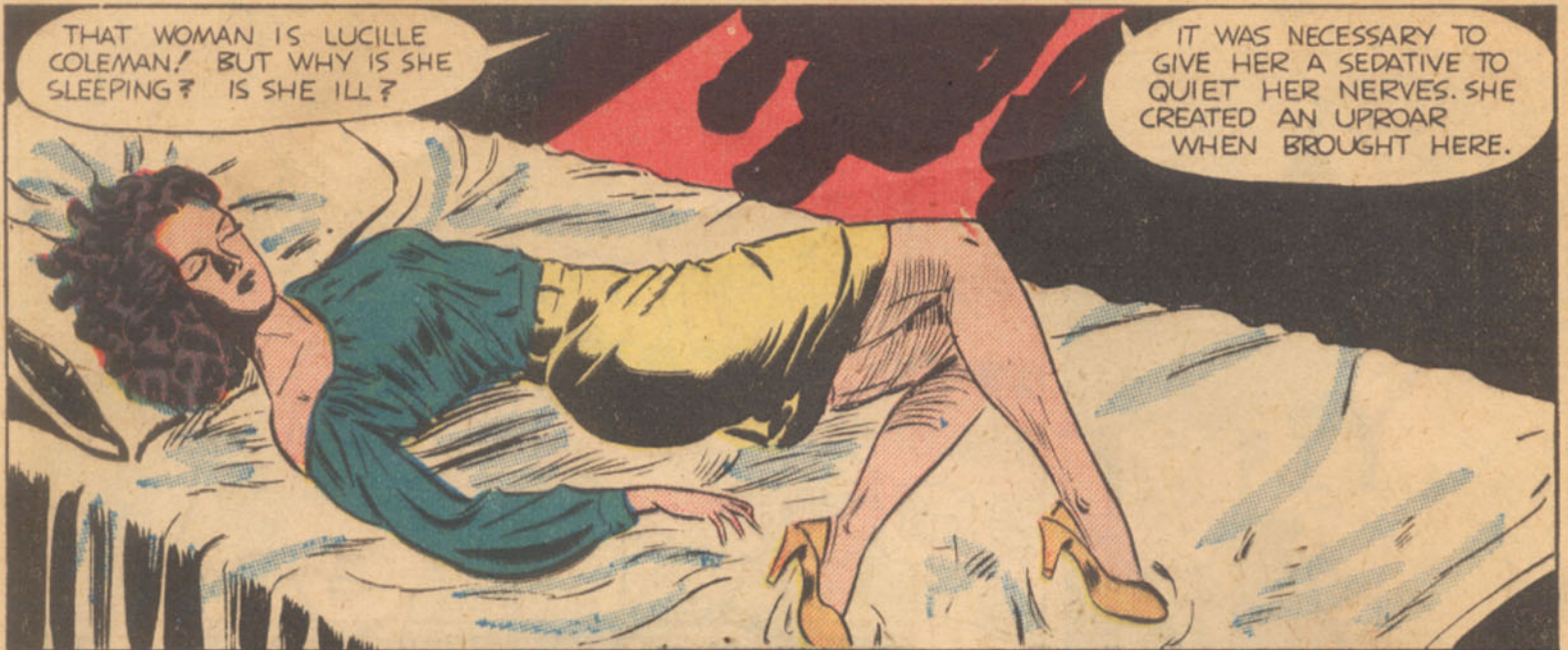


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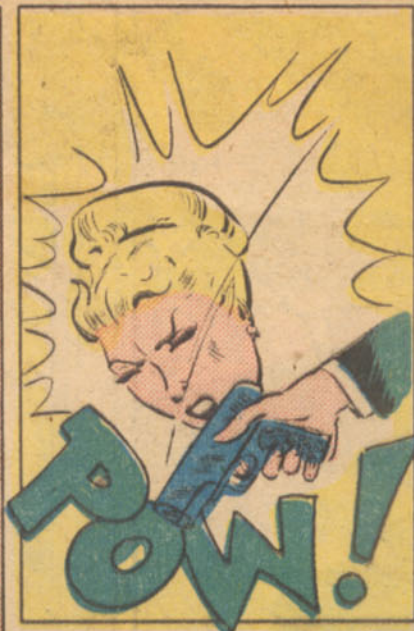


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**M**ERRY DECIDED TO FIGHT FOR HER FREEDOM, AND PERHAPS HER OWN LIFE.

GIVE ME THAT GUN!

LET GO OF ME YOU WILDCAT!



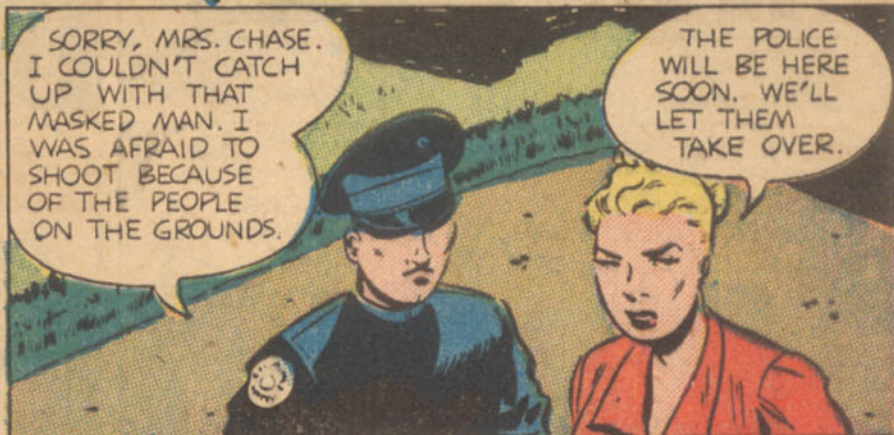
I HEARD YOU SHOUT FOR HELP! I SAW A MASKED MAN RUNNING AWAY AS I GOT HERE.

HE'S LOCKED DR. WOLF INSIDE A ROOM. SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THAT MASKED MAN. I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE.



SORRY, MRS. CHASE. I COULDN'T CATCH UP WITH THAT MASKED MAN. I WAS AFRAID TO SHOOT BECAUSE OF THE PEOPLE ON THE GROUNDS.

THE POLICE WILL BE HERE SOON. WE'LL LET THEM TAKE OVER.



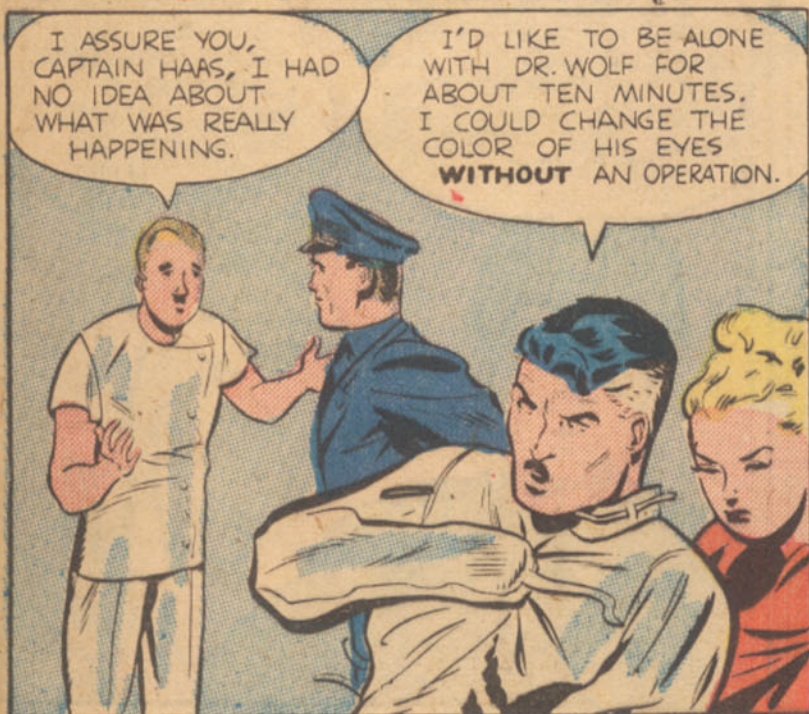
WE ALMOST BURNED UP THE ROAD GETTING HERE. I SHOULD NEVER HAVE PERMITTED YOU TO COME HERE WITHOUT ME.

IN THE EXCITEMENT I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT CURTIS. THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM HE WAS WEARING THE LATEST FASHION IN STRAIGHT JACKETS.



I ASSURE YOU, CAPTAIN HAAS, I HAD NO IDEA ABOUT WHAT WAS REALLY HAPPENING.

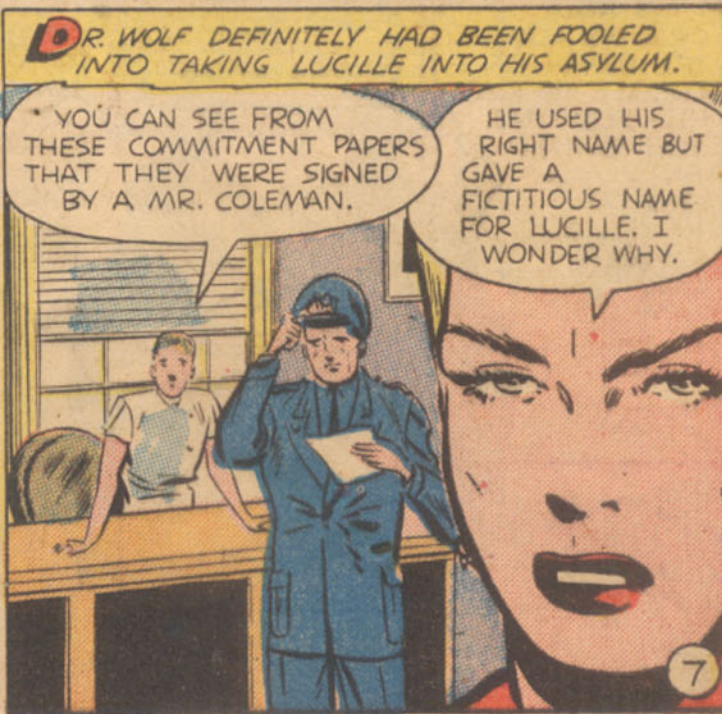
I'D LIKE TO BE ALONE WITH DR. WOLF FOR ABOUT TEN MINUTES. I COULD CHANGE THE COLOR OF HIS EYES **WITHOUT** AN OPERATION.



**D**R. WOLF DEFINITELY HAD BEEN FOOLED INTO TAKING LUCILLE INTO HIS ASYLUM.

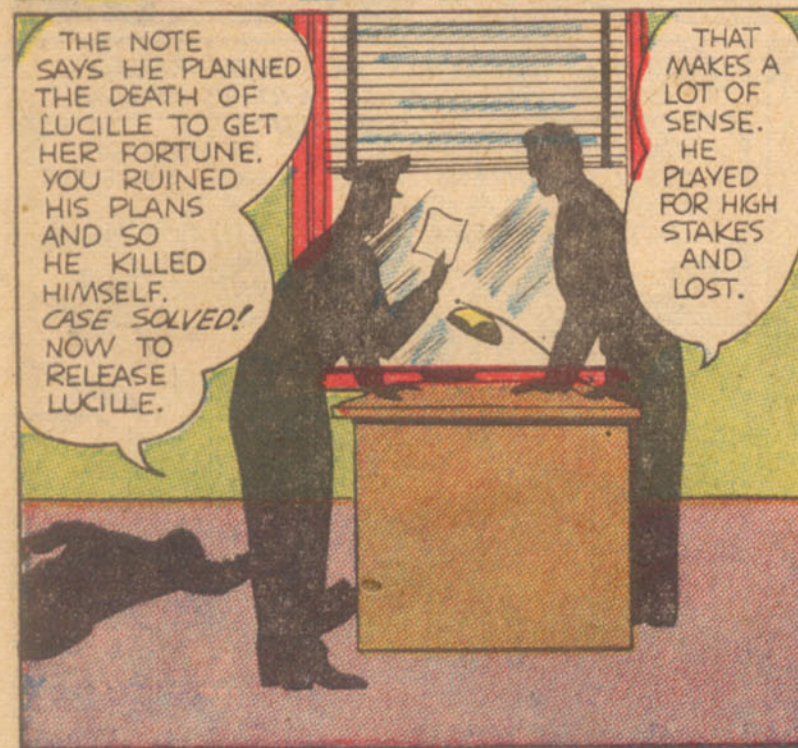
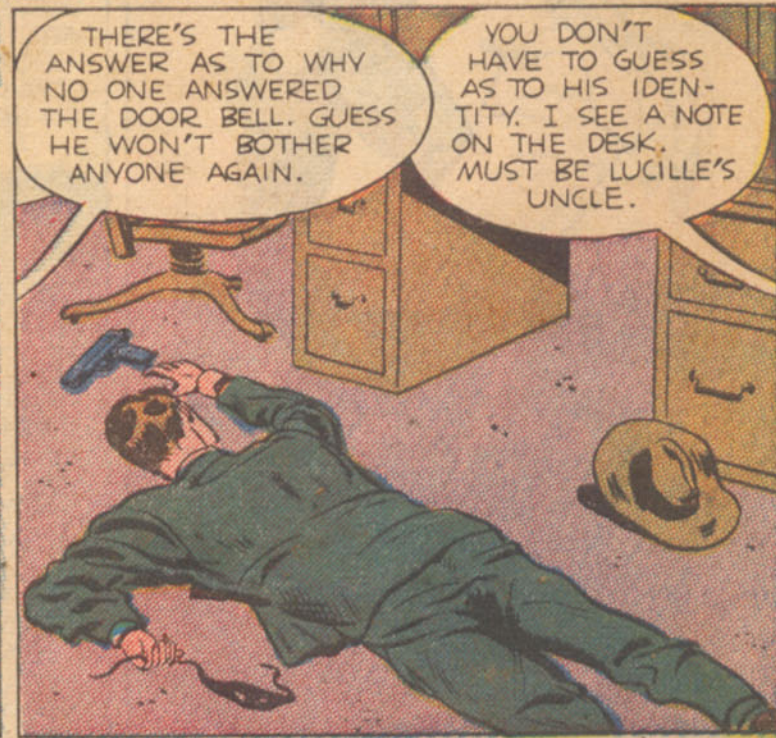
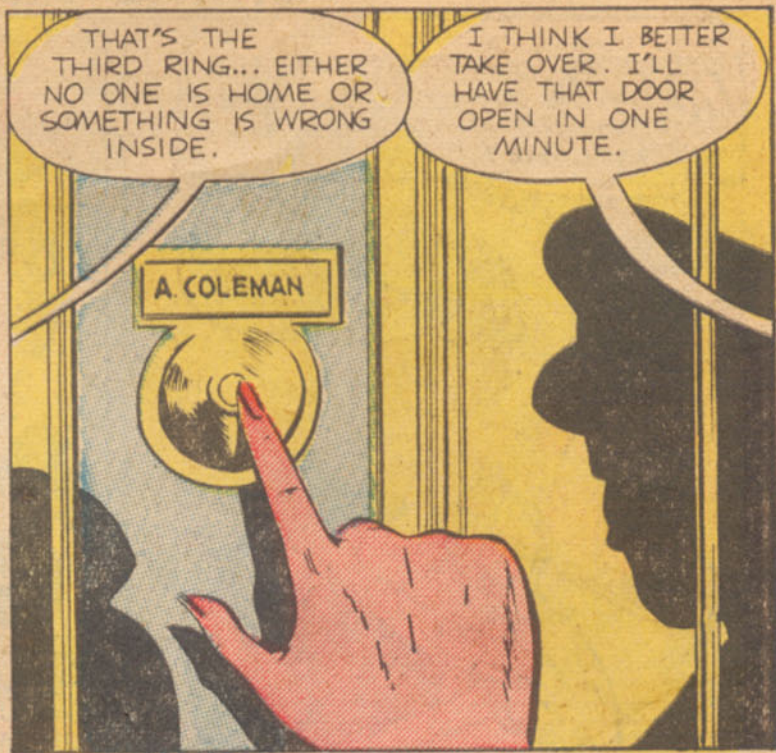
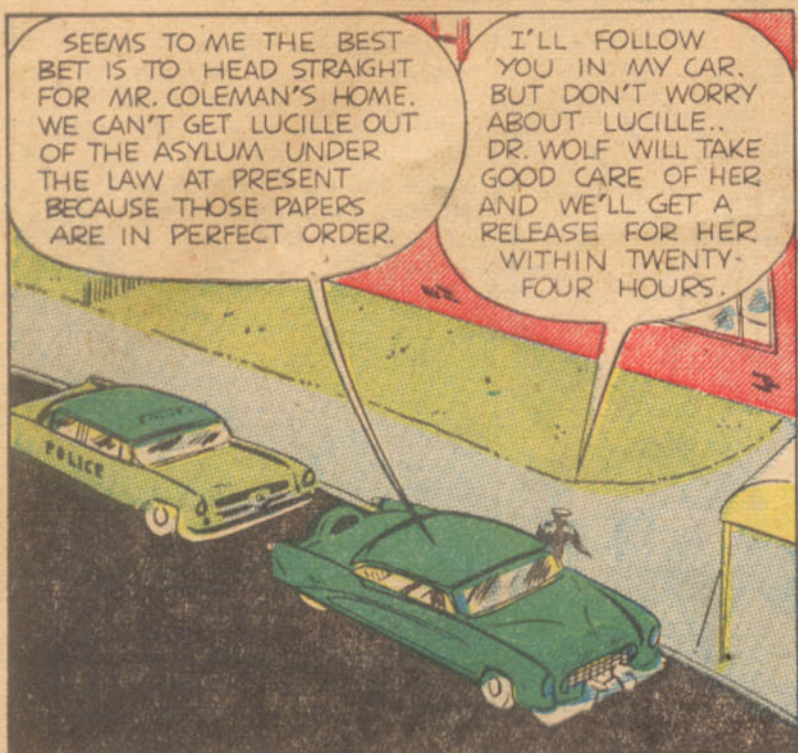
\* YOU CAN SEE FROM THESE COMMITMENT PAPERS THAT THEY WERE SIGNED BY A MR. COLEMAN.

HE USED HIS RIGHT NAME BUT GAVE A FICTITIOUS NAME FOR LUCILLE. I WONDER WHY.



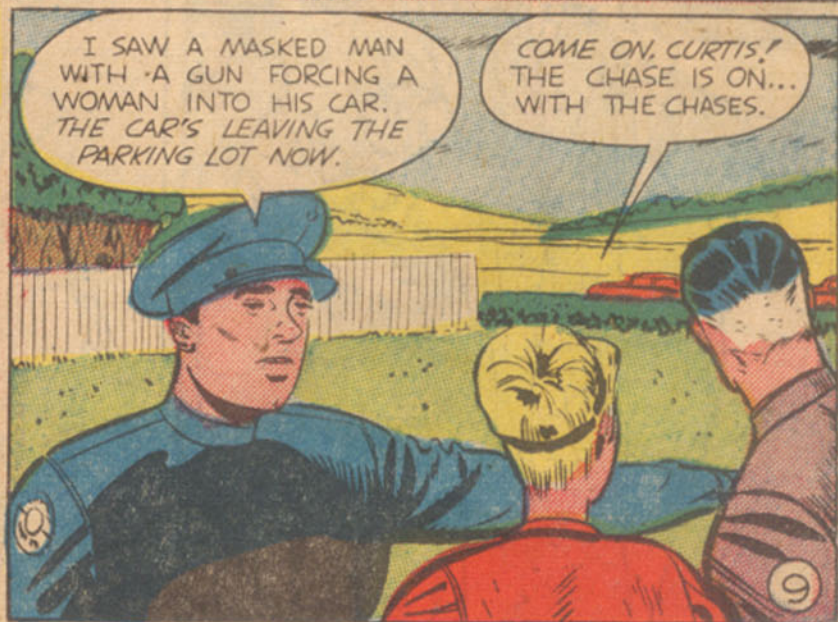
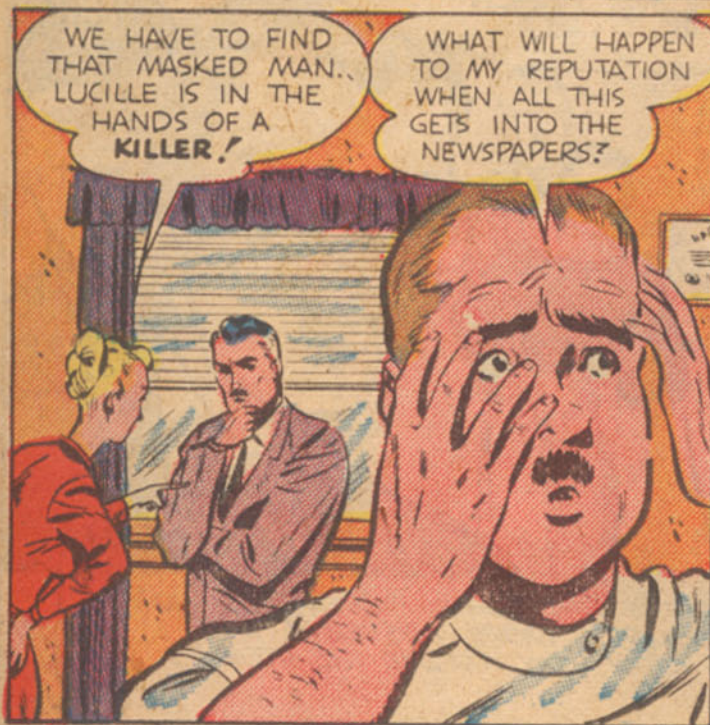
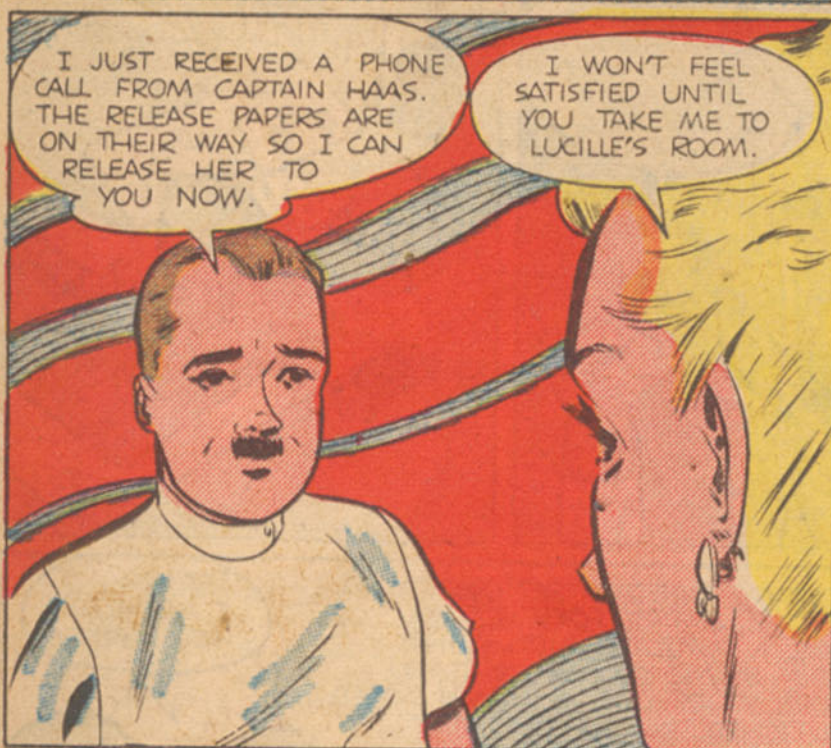
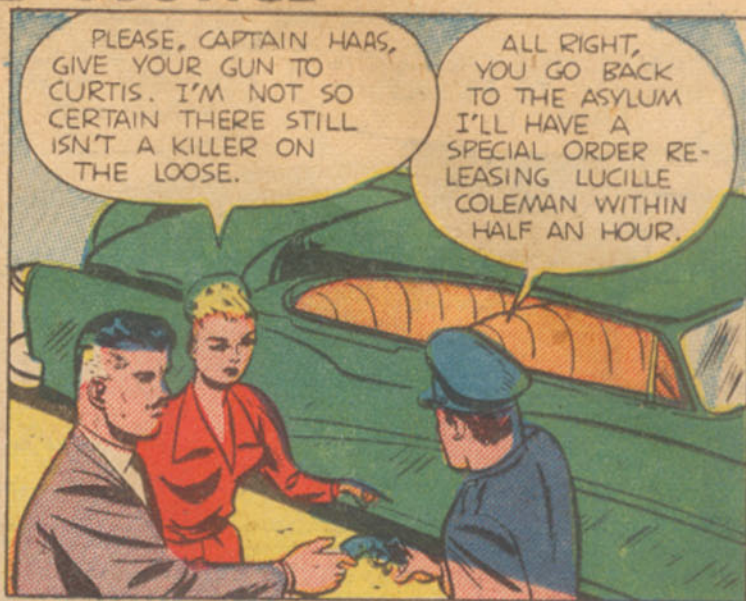
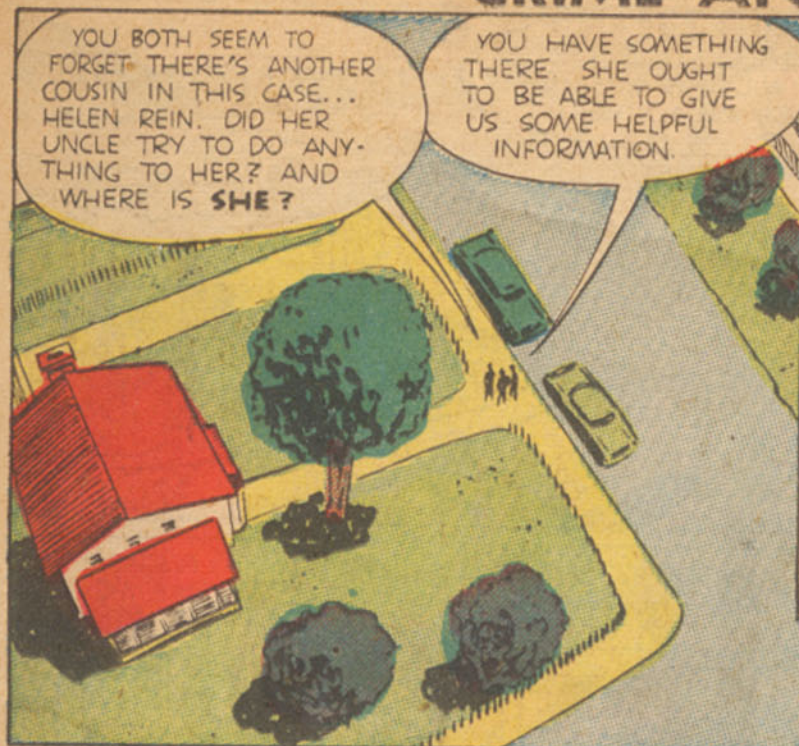


# CRIME AND JUSTICE





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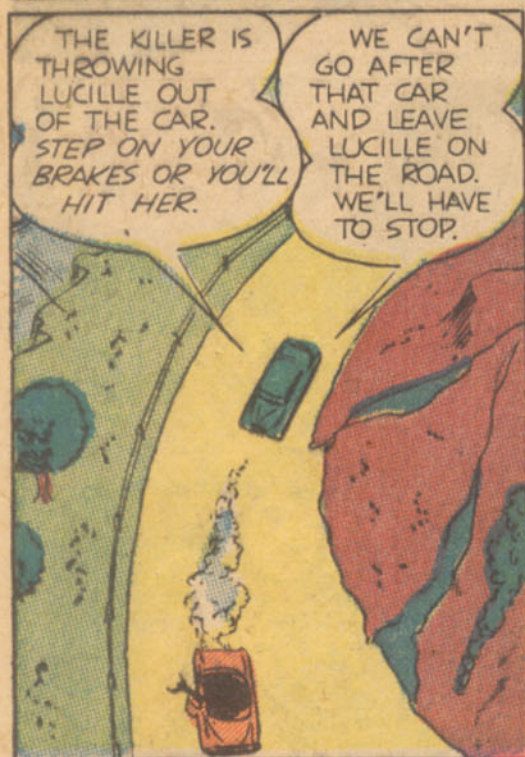


# CRIME AND JUSTICE



THERE'S THE CAR, CURTIS. WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO CATCH IT.

IT'S A LUCKY THING I HAVEN'T A WEAK HEART. ALL THIS EXCITEMENT WOULD HAVE GIVEN ME A STROKE.



THE KILLER IS THROWING LUCILLE OUT OF THE CAR. STEP ON YOUR BRAKES OR YOU'LL HIT HER.

WE CAN'T GO AFTER THAT CAR AND LEAVE LUCILLE ON THE ROAD. WE'LL HAVE TO STOP.

**T**HE KILLER HAD ESCAPED BUT LUCILLE WAS SAFE THOUGH BRUISED.

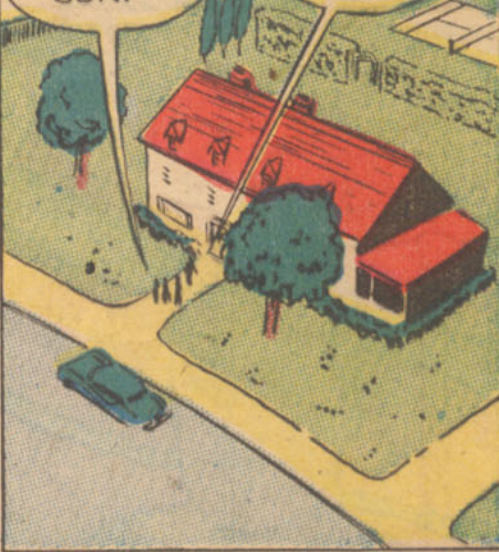
OH, IT WAS TERRIBLE... I DON'T KNOW HOW I WASN'T KILLED WHEN I WAS PUSHED OUT OF THE CAR.

LUCKY THE WAY YOU ROLLED OVER. THE KILLER HAD TO SLOW DOWN WHEN CURTIS SHOT AT THE TIRES.



WHY, CAPTAIN HAAS IS STILL HERE! AM I GLAD I TOLD HIM TO GIVE CURTIS THE GUN.

PLEASE TAKE ME IN AND LET ME REST. I THINK I'M GOING TO FAINT.

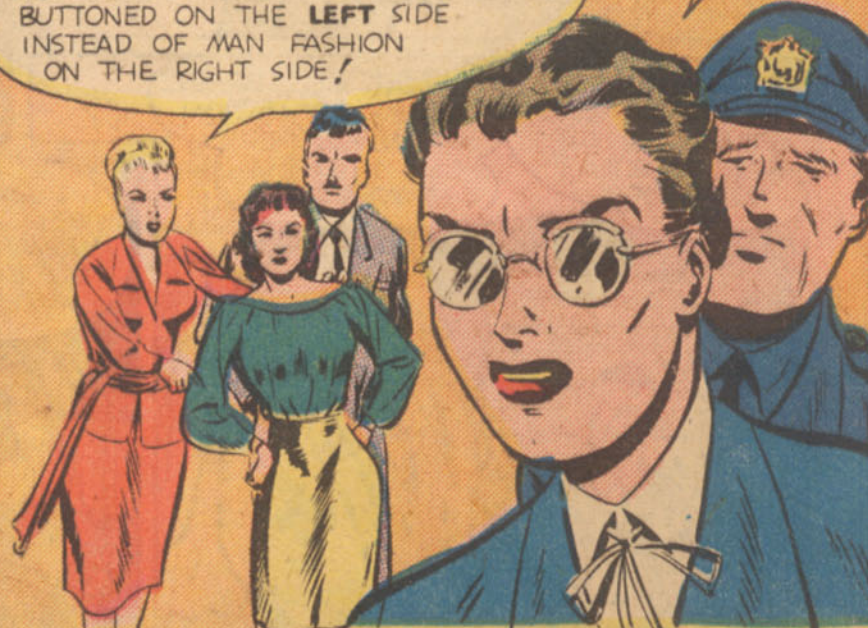


MY POOR LUCILLE... HOW SHE MUST HAVE SUFFERED!

YES... YOU **KILLER!** YOU KILLED THE MAN AT THE AMBULANCE SERVICE AND MR. COLEMAN!

**YOU** PLANNED TO GET CONTROL OF THE ENTIRE FORTUNE! YOU HAVE A DUPLICATE SUIT LIKE THAT WORN BY MR. COLEMAN, BUT YOU WORE YOURS LIKE A WOMAN WOULD... BUTTONED ON THE **LEFT** SIDE INSTEAD OF MAN FASHION ON THE RIGHT SIDE!

I WISH I HAD KILLED YOU **BOTH!**



**R**EAD THE NEXT CHASE ADVENTURE! MORE THRILLS... MORE MYSTERY! AND... LET US KNOW HOW YOU LIKE THE STORIES.



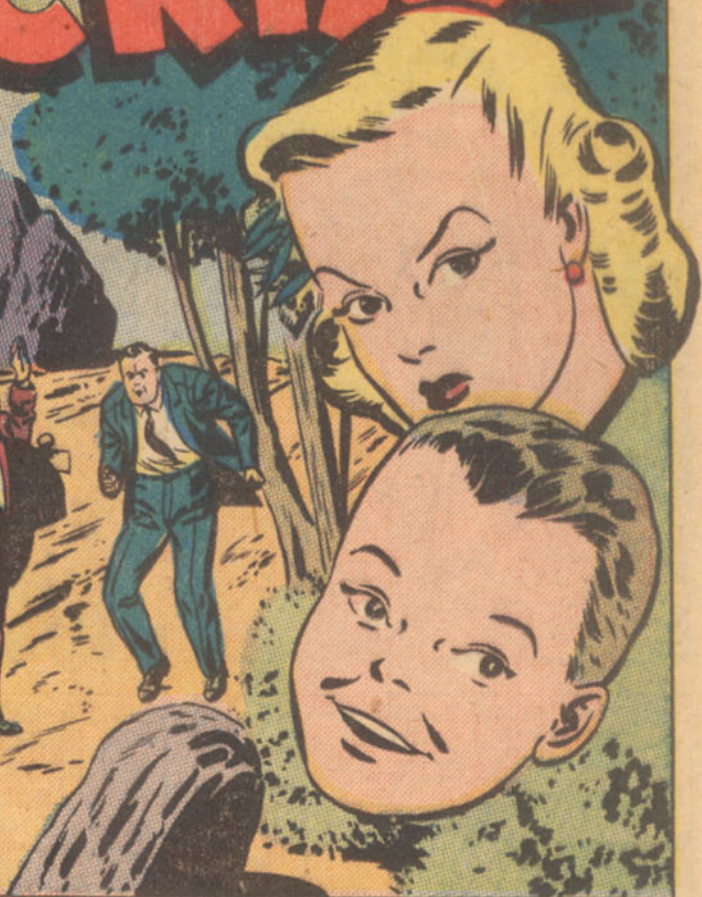
# COMICS VS CRIME



THESE THREE CROOKS FIGURED OUT A VERY SIMPLE WAY TO GET INTO THE HENDERSON HOME. BUT GETTING OUT OF THE CLUTCHES OF THE LAW WAS A DIFFERENT MATTER.



ALBERT TYLER



PHIL BASEN WAS LOW ON FUNDS.

JUST ONE MORE DRINK, PETE. HONEST, I'LL PAY YOU AT THE END OF THE WEEK. I EXPECT TO COLLECT SOME MONEY FROM A FRIEND!

PHIL, YOU OWE ME A LOT OF MONEY. AND I EXPECT TO BE PAID AT THE END OF THE MONTH. NO MORE DRINKS ON THE HOUSE!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, PHIL? COME ON OVER.

WELL, IF IT ISN'T JOE RUNKEL! LONG TIME NO SEE!





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PHIL, I WANT YOU TO MEET A FRIEND OF MINE, LOU HEVERS. HE'S FROM DENVER AND WAS LEFTY'S PAL IN STIR.

ANY FRIEND OF YOURS IS A FRIEND OF MINE. HAVEN'T BEEN OUT TO DENVER FOR THE PAST SIX YEARS. GUESS THINGS ARE ABOUT THE SAME...

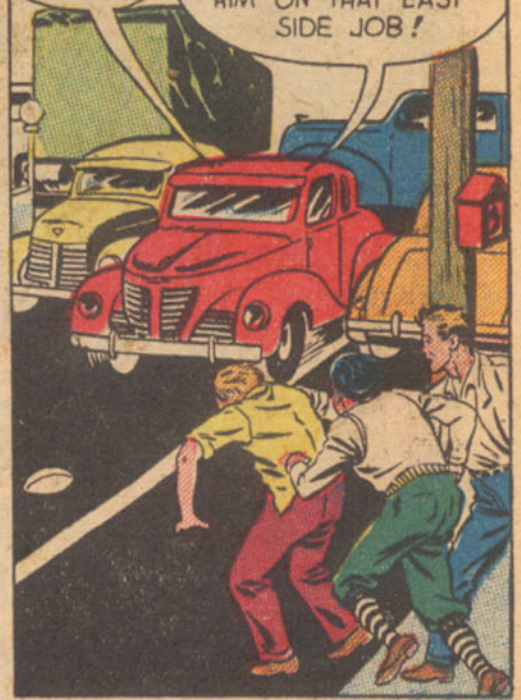
IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN COLD CASH, I GOT A PROPOSITION THAT MIGHT INTEREST YOU. NO RISK, AND WE CAN EACH MAKE A NICE BANKROLL!

IF PHIL WANTS MORE DETAILS, SUPPOSE WE DRIVE AROUND IN MY CAR. THESE WALLS HAVE EARS.

*PHIL WAS INTERESTED IN ANYTHING BUT HONEST WORK*

THIS SET-UP IS SO SIMPLE YOU'LL WONDER WHY YOU DIDN'T THINK OF IT BEFORE.

DON'T KEEP ME IN SUSPENSE, BUT REMEMBER, I'M OFF SAFE-CRACKING JOBS. POOR LEFTY HAS TEN YEARS MORE TO SERVE BECAUSE THEY GOT HIM ON THAT EAST SIDE JOB!



SEE THAT HOME? ONE OF THE NICEST PLACES IN TOWN AND OWNED BY MR. RICHARD HENDERSON.

WE'VE GOT A NEW KIND OF PLAN FIGURED OUT TO MAKE OURSELVES RICH AT HIS EXPENSE!

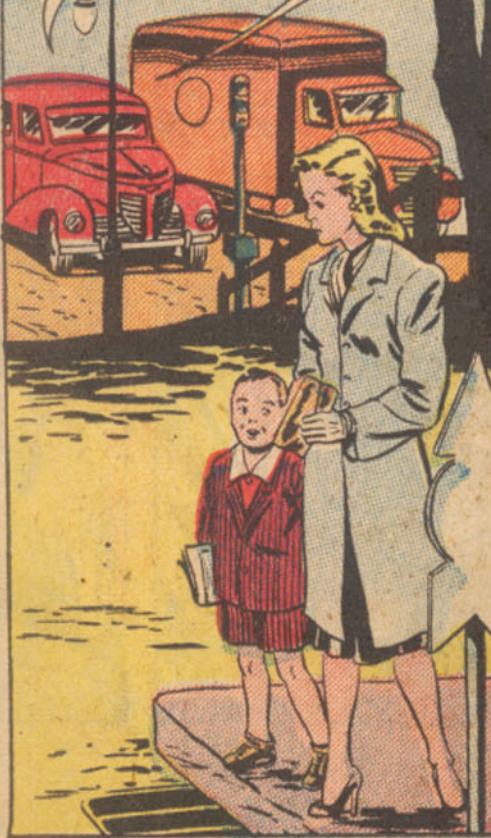
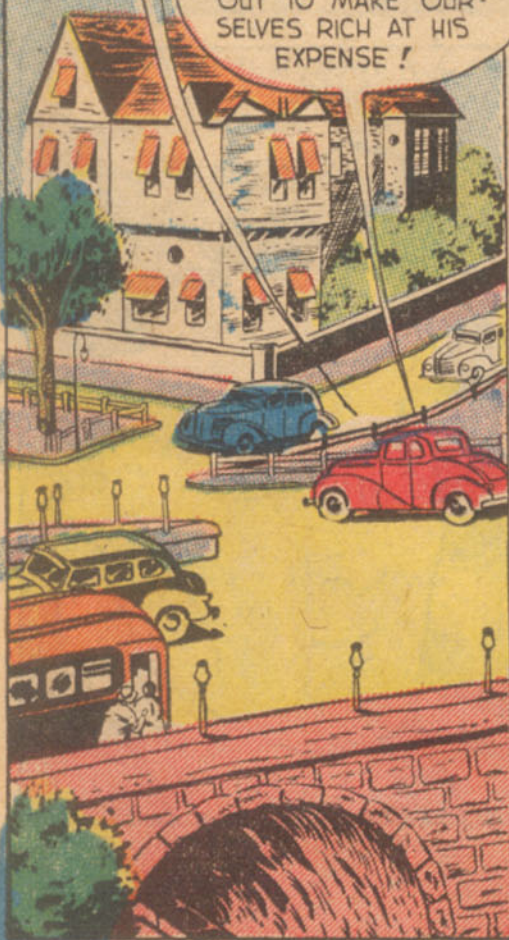
THERE'S THE HENDERSON KID. NAME'S HENRY, AND HE LIKES TO READ COMICS. IT'S GOING TO BE THROUGH THAT KID THAT WE GET INTO THE HOUSE!

SO FAR IT SOUNDS .SCREWY TO ME. HOW DOES A ROLY-POLY KID WHO LIKES THE FUNNIES, GET US INTO THE HOUSE?

*IT DIDN'T TAKE MUCH CONVINCING TO GET PHIL TO AGREE TO THE PLAN.*

LISTEN, PHIL, YOU'VE GOT A KIND FACE, SEE? YOU TELL THE KID YOU'RE COLLECTING COMICS FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN THE HOSPITALS. *THAT'S* HOW YOU GET IN THE HOUSE!

SURE, YOU RING THE BELL AND THEY LET YOU IN... SIMPLE, ISN'T IT? BUT GET THE LAYOUT OF THE PLACE!





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

**THE NEXT DAY.**

YOU THOUGHT YOU LOST YESTER-DAY. THEY'RE IN MY ROOM. BUT DON'T TELL DADDY ABOUT IT. HE STILL THINKS I'M OLD FASHIONED.

I HAVE THOSE TWO COMICS NOW I'LL TELL **YOU** A SECRET. WHEN DADDY LOCKS HIMSELF IN THE LIBRARY, WHAT DO YOU THINK HE'S DOING? HE'S READING MY COMICS!

NOW REMEMBER IN CASE THEY ASK YOUR NAME TELL THEM YOU'RE FRANKLYN WHITEMAN, AND REMEMBER, NO FUMBLING!

THE AUNT AND THE KID OUGHT TO BE HERE SOON... HOLD IT, THERE THEY ARE NOW...

PARDON ME, MA'AM, BUT I'M COLLECTING COMICS FOR THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN THE HOSPITALS. MAY I SPEAK TO YOUR SON?

SHE'S MY AUNT! I UNDERSTAND YOU WANT COMIC BOOKS FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS?

YOU CAN HAVE THESE COMICS. COME AGAIN TOMORROW AND I WILL HAVE **MORE** FOR YOU.

I WANT TO THANK YOU, YOUNG MAN. YOU HAVE A VERY BIG HEART. I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW.

THERE HE IS WITH THE COMICS. DIDN'T I TELL YOU HE HAD A KIND LOOKING FACE? THE ONLY TROUBLE IS HE HAPPENS TO BE ONE BIG DOPE.

YEAH! IT WOULDN'T BE A GOOD IDEA TO HAVE HIM ON THE LOOSE ONCE THIS JOB IS FINISHED!

I'VE GOT TO COME BACK TOMORROW AND GET MORE COMICS. NOW, HOW DO I GET INTO THE HOUSE?

IF I KNOW HUMAN NATURE, THE CHANCES ARE NINETY-NINE OUT OF A HUNDRED THEY'LL ASK YOU INTO THE HOUSE.



# CRIME AND JUSTICE



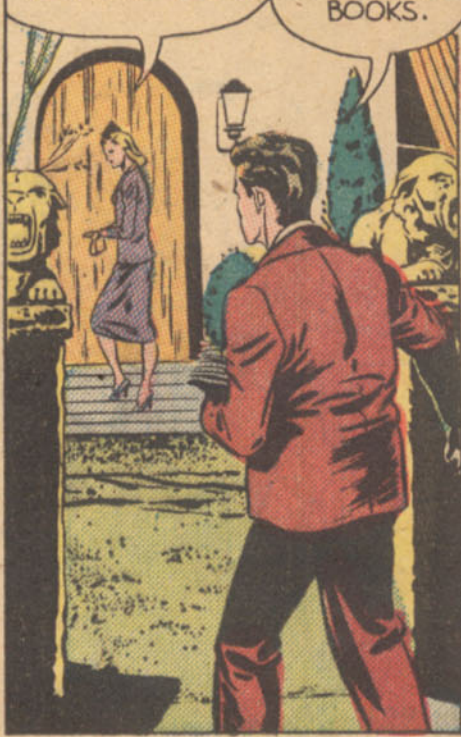
GOOD AFTERNOON. WHERE IS YOUR NICE NEPHEW? I'M COLLECTING MORE COMICS.

I THINK IT'S WONDERFUL OF YOU TO DEVOTE YOURSELF TO DOING THIS WORK. EVERY LITTLE BIT WE CAN DO TO CHEER UP THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS MEANS SOMETHING.

YOU GUESSED RIGHT ABOUT HUMAN NATURE.

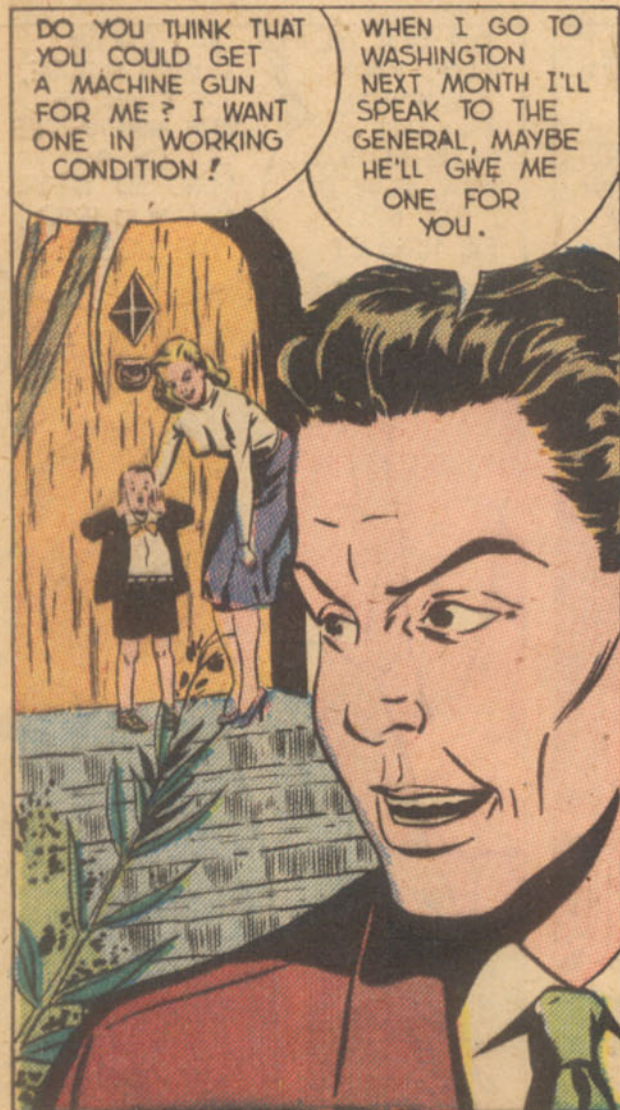
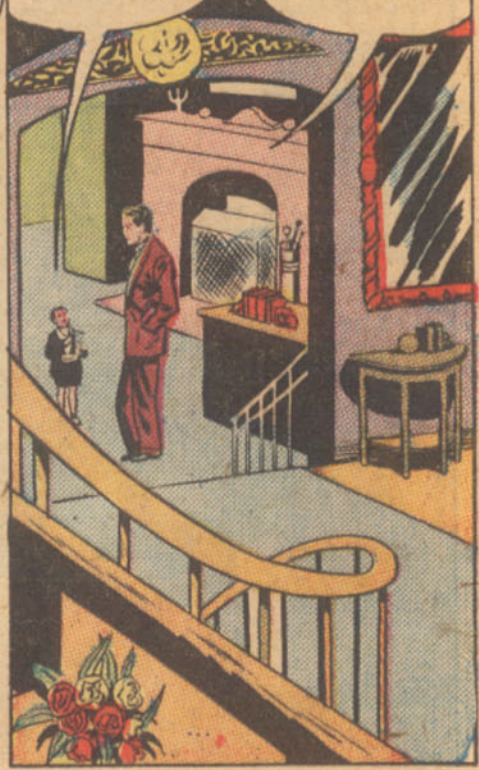
MY NEPHEW HAS MORE COMICS FOR YOU. WON'T YOU COME INSIDE FOR A MOMENT?

THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR YOUR KINDNESS. I'M GLAD THE BOY REMEMBERED ABOUT THE BOOKS.



I'VE TOLD SOME OF MY FRIENDS ABOUT YOU. THEY GAVE ME SOME OF THEIR COMICS TO GIVE TO YOU. TOMORROW I SHALL HAVE MORE FOR YOU.

GOOD FOR YOU SON... I'M GOING TO TELL THE SOLDIERS IN THE HOSPITAL ALL ABOUT YOU.



DO YOU THINK THAT YOU COULD GET A MACHINE GUN FOR ME? I WANT ONE IN WORKING CONDITION!

WHEN I GO TO WASHINGTON NEXT MONTH I'LL SPEAK TO THE GENERAL, MAYBE HE'LL GIVE ME ONE FOR YOU.

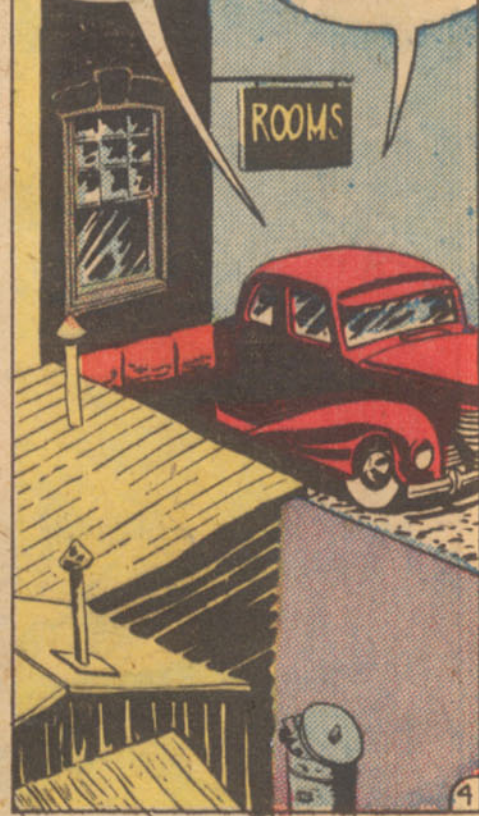
WHY DID THE KID WANT A MACHINE GUN? HE COULD'VE ASKED ME FOR AN AIRPLANE.

FORGET THE KID AND THE MACHINE GUN! DO YOU REMEMBER THE LAYOUT OF THE PLACE? THAT'S THE IMPORTANT THING!



WHY ARE WE STOPPING HERE? I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO THE BAR. I'M THIRSTY, AND I COULD USE A COUPLE OF DRINKS.

FORGET ANY DRINKING UNTIL WE'RE FINISHED WITH THIS JOB. WE CAN TALK THINGS OVER BETTER IN MY ROOM.





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**F**INAL PLANS FOR THE ROBBERY WERE MADE.

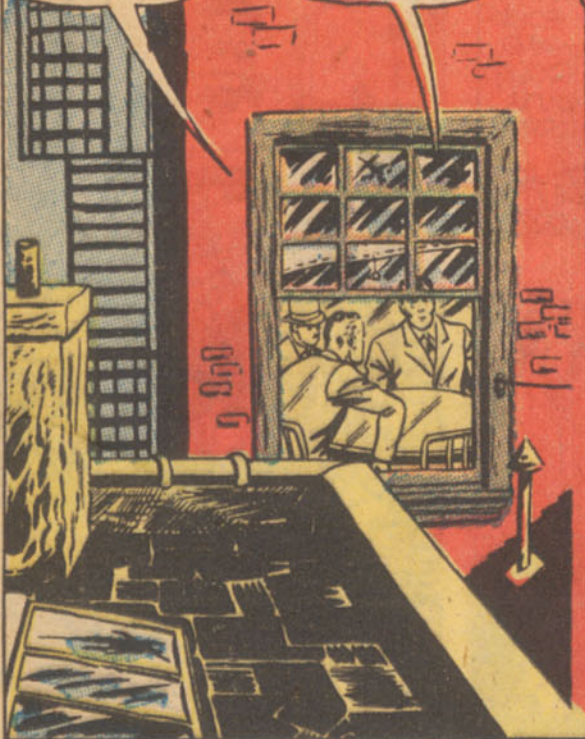
WE'VE GOT TO GET THE MAID AND THE COOK. THERE'S AN EXIT FROM THE KITCHEN TO THE GARAGE.

SEEMS LIKE AN EASY JOB TO ME. ONCE THEY TAKE ME TO THE DOOR, BOTH OF YOU ENTER THE HOUSE.

IT IS NOW EIGHT O'CLOCK. WE FIGURED THE ENTIRE FAMILY SHOULD BE THROUGH WITH THEIR DINNER AND IN THE LIVING ROOM. BY NOW.

DON'T GET EXCITED PHIL, JUST TAKE IT EASY AND THE JOB WILL BE A CINCH. YOU YOURSELF SAID IT WAS EASY.

SOON AS I GET MY SHARE OF THE LOOT I'M GOING TO TAKE IT EASY. I KNOW A DOLL WHO WILL HELP ME SPEND IT. I HEAR FOOTSTEPS... COULD BE THE MAID.



IS THERE ANYTHING SPECIAL YOU WANT? I TALKED TO MY FRIENDS ABOUT YOUR WONDERFUL WORK COLLECTING THOSE COMICS.

I HAVE A PRESENT FOR YOUR NEPHEW. MAY I GIVE IT TO HIM? ONE OF THE SOLDIERS SENT IT WITH ME!

**A**ND THE HENDERSONS HAD NEVER BEFORE PERMITTED A STRANGER TO ENTER THEIR HOME.

GOLLY... IS THIS FOR ME? AND A SOLDIER REALLY SENT IT? I WONDER WHAT IT IS! WILL IT BE A MACHINE GUN?

A WOUNDED SOLDIER SENT YOU THIS GIFT. HE WANTS TO THANK YOU FOR THOSE COMICS.

WILL YOU THANK THAT SOLDIER? I'M CERTAIN MY SON WILL WRITE HIM A LETTER OF APPRECIATION.

YOUR SON IS A VERY NICE BOY. THOSE BOOKS HAVE BROUGHT MUCH HAPPINESS TO THE MEN IN THE HOSPITAL.





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

NOW DON'T GET EXCITED MR. HENDERSON. AND IF THAT MAID WANTS TO YELL, WE'LL QUIET HER TOO!

THIS IS JUST A FRIENDLY LITTLE VISIT. ALL OF YOU GET INTO THE LIVING ROOM, AND WE WANT THE COOK, TOO.



**THE MOST DANGEROUS PERSON IN THE WORLD IS A KID WHO KNOWS HE HAS BEEN FOOLED!**

TAKE IT EASY, FOLKS. WE AREN'T GOING TO HURT YOU. ALL WE WANT IS YOUR MONEY, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE AND FURS. OF COURSE WE'LL HAVE TO TIE YOU UP SO YOU WON'T YELL FOR THE COPS.

I THINK YOU'RE A NAUGHTY MAN. I DON'T LIKE PEOPLE WHO FOOL ME... AND YOU FOOLED ME. YOU'LL BE SORRY!



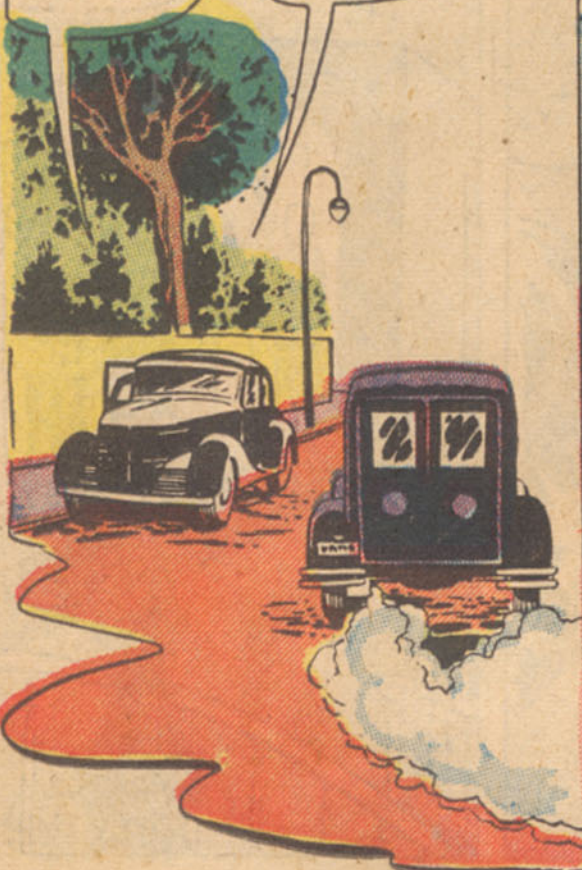
IT OUGHT TO TAKE THEM SOME TIME TO GET OUT OF THOSE ROPES I USED ON THEM.

GOOD IDEA TO RIP OUT THE PHONE. THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO CALL THE COPS.



I MUST ADMIT IT WAS AN EASY JOB. THEY CERTAINLY FELL FOR THAT COMIC BOOK IDEA.

AND THEY CAN BLAME EITHER THE KID OR THE AUNT. NEXT TIME THEY WON'T EVEN LOOK AT A STRANGER.



**R**IPPING OUT THE PHONE WASN'T SUCH A CLEVER IDEA AFTER ALL.

WHEN THE VICE PRESIDENT OF THE TELEPHONE COMPANY'S PHONE DOESN'T WORK, HE GETS SPECIAL SERVICE.

MR. HENDERSON IS A REGULAR GUY. HE HELPED ME TO GET MY JOB AND I'M GRATEFUL TO HIM.



SAY BOYS, GIVE ME MY SHARE IN CASH. YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF CASH FROM MR. HENDERSON. YOU CAN KEEP THE REST OF THE STUFF.

OF COURSE, YOU'LL GET EVERYTHING THAT'S COMING TO YOU, PHIL. YOU DID YOUR PART FINE.





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

ANYTHING WRONG?  
WHY DID YOU STOP?  
IF THE COPS FIND  
US HERE AND  
BEGIN ASKING  
QUESTIONS THERE'LL  
BE TROUBLE.

I GUESS  
IT'S THE  
REAR END  
OF THE CAR.  
WE'LL GET  
OUT AND  
SEE WHAT  
WE CAN DO  
TO FIX IT.



**WITH PHIL OUT OF THE WAY  
IT WOULD BE A TWO WAY SPLIT.**

WHAT KIND OF  
A GAG IS THIS?  
CUT OUT THE  
FUNNY BUSINESS  
AND DON'T TRY  
TO SCARE ME.  
I WANT WHAT  
IS COMING TO  
ME!

YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
GET WHAT'S  
COMING TO  
YOU! WE'VE  
GOT TO **KILL**  
YOU. WE WERE  
MASKED AND THEY  
CAN'T IDENTIFY US.  
YOU'RE THE ONLY  
LINK TO US.



DROP THOSE  
GUNS, BOYS.  
WE HAVE YOU  
SURROUNDED  
ON EVERY  
SIDE!

COPS...  
**COPS...** HOW  
DID THEY GET  
HERE? I'M NOT  
GOING TO SURRENDER  
AS LONG AS I HAVE  
A GUN IN MY HAND.



OKAY, FELLAS  
SO YOU WANT  
TO PLAY  
ROUGH!

I SURRENDER!  
DON'T SHOOT!

I'LL SPILL EVERYTHING.  
THEY TRIED TO DOUBLE-  
CROSS ME AND  
ALMOST KILLED  
ME. BUT HOW  
DID YOU COP-  
PERS GET HERE  
IN TIME TO  
SAVE ME?

ALL THE  
CREDIT  
GOES TO  
THAT KID,  
HENRY. HE  
HAD THE  
LICENSE NUMBER  
OF YOUR CAR.  
THE REST WAS EASY.  
WE HAD AN ALARM  
OUT FOR YOU.



... AND THIS  
BADGE MAKES YOU  
AN HONORARY  
MEMBER OF  
THE POLICE  
DEPARTMENT.  
YOUR PARENTS  
HAVE REASON  
TO BE PROUD.  
WHAT YOU DID  
WAS WONDER-  
FUL.

IT WAS  
ALL IN THE  
COMIC  
BOOKS. IT  
SAYS ALWAYS  
TAKE DOWN  
LICENSE  
NUMBERS  
IN AN  
EMERGENCY.



**AND SO ENDS A STRANGE TALE  
ABOUT... COMIC BOOKS... VS... CRIME.**



# THE KIDNAPPED PROFESSOR

On this particular spring day, Dr. Charles Everett Tole walked down the Main Street of Cooperstown with unusual vigor. Professor Emeritus of State University didn't exactly look like the type who had lived with Latin and Greek words for most of his life. He was not very tall but extremely well set and robust. His hair and goatee were perfectly white. His pale blue eyes still had a sparkle in them that spelled a bit of youthful mischief. His nose was Roman and his complexion between brown and fair. Father Time had watched Dr. Tole live eighty-three years in his native state. "I'll live to be a hundred or die in the attempt," was his favorite boast. Even Joe DeMartino who ran all the gambling in the county had been heard to remark, "I'm willing to take bets that the old boy makes it. Five to three he hits ninety. Even money he makes the century mark."

Dressed in a cutaway that had seen better times, striped trousers, and a tie that looked akin to an ascot, the Professor certainly spelled satorial splendor, even if a couple of decades out of date. When he reached Main and Pine Streets, the widow Perkins greeted him. "Good Morning, Professor," she said in her high squeaky voice. "I heard all about the wonderful news. Just think. Your nephew, Colonel Bickbee, dies and leaves you \$200,000. That goes to show you fortune can come at any time of life. I understand he was one of Georgia's leading citizens. What are you going to do with all that money?" The Professor stroked his goatee as though in deep meditation. "Tentatively, I think I will line up all the kids in town and give them each a hundred dollars." The widow Perkins evidently didn't like the answer she received. First, she definitely uttered a "H'mmmmm" under her breath added words to the effect, "He has a screw loose in the head."

When Dr. Tole reached Louie's Market on Main and Tenth Streets, the proprietor of that worthy establishment, Louie Caruso, rushed out to greet the town's newest rich man. "Read all about it in last night's special. Why did he

leave you all that money?" The Professor sighed. He realized it might be easier to print cards with answers. "Truthfully speaking my nephew hated me. Just did it to get even with me because I once told him he was a good for nothing rascal." Louie shrugged his shoulders. You just don't insult rich clients. "That reminds me," he added. "I hope you aren't angry because I called the house about the twenty-five dollars you owe on last month's bill. Please accept it as a present and I hope you continue to give my place your business." The Professor smiled, "Thanks, Louie. The Greeks had a word for it, but at my age, I have forgotten it."

Dr. Tole turned down the alley that separated Eleventh Street from Twelfth. A sedan was parked at the curb. A man in his late twenties, with cap pulled down over his eyes and a half smoked cigarette in his mouth eyed the approaching man. "Are you the professor who just inherited all the dough?" he asked in no uncertain words. Dr. Tole looked at the unkempt figure who had addressed him. "I am the person," he replied, "But just who are you?" "The boys call me Nick the Nicker," was the introduction. "Now get into the car before I shove you in."

The scholar hesitated a minute, only to find himself lifted bodily into the car. "Just relax, Prof, relax and nothing will happen to you," was the warning uttered by a squinty eyed, short fat, man who had had little acquaintance with bathtubs. "What are you doing? I demand to know, or I will notify the authorities!" As he finished those words, the door slammed shut and Nick the Nicker spoke to the driver. "Watch the speed laws out here, Joe. We don't want the cops to pick us up." Then turning to the Professor he added, "This is a snatch, Bub. Or maybe kidnapping will make it clearer."

Half an hour later the car turned off highway 12 and stopped before a three story frame house. "No noise or trouble or we may have to kill you," warned the driver of the car. "Stop



this nonsense," warned the Professor. "You just don't kill a money investment. Remember if you want my wife Martha to pay good cash for me, it's up to you to see I am in good condition." The men entered the house. Joe the driver seemed to be the boss. Turning to Nick the Nicker he remarked, "Take this bird to the rooms on the top floor and tell him how to behave."

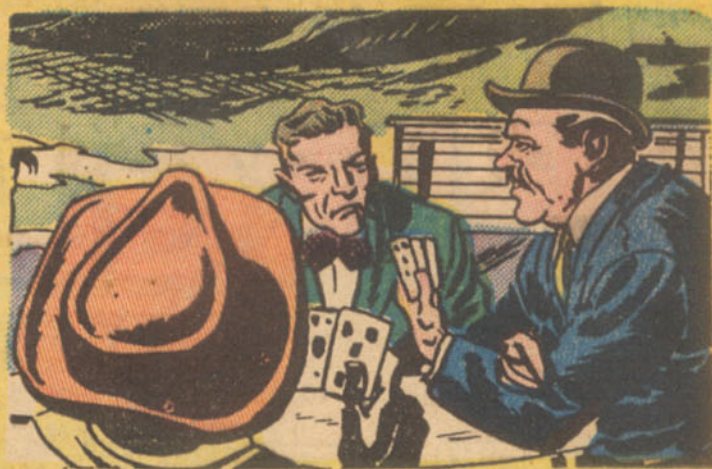
With mock seriousness, Nick the Nicker bowed to the professor, made a long sweep with his hand and said, "Just walk up those stairs until we reach the white door." Slowly Dr. Tole went up, step by step. "You might have been considerate enough to have installed an elevator. This is tough exercise for a man of my age who wants to live to be a hundred." "You won't live the week out if your old lady doesn't come across with one hundred thousand bucks for you." There was no doubt from the tone of voice that the speaker wouldn't hesitate to carry out his threat.

Dr. Tole found himself seated on a hard chair next to a very old table. The room was practically bare. There were three large windows, each covered with a black shade. "Couldn't I smash a window and jump to the ground?" he asked Nick the Nicker. The kidnapper grunted. "We are miles ahead of you, professor. The windows are nailed down tight from the outside. And you can't smash the glass because it's shatterproof. So make yourself comfortable. There's a pen, ink, and paper on the desk. Write a letter to your old lady and tell her unless she pays us \$100,000 she won't get you back in one piece."

Slowly the professor wrote a letter. Then he took a small bottle from his coat pocket. "Mrs. Tole asked me to get her some real vanilla flavor. She is going to bake a cake for me. Will you kindly deliver this to her with the ransom note." Nick the Nicker tried to think of some unpleasant words but the angelic look on the old man's face changed his mind. "I'll send up some coffee and sandwiches for you to eat later," he said. "Oh," exclaimed the professor, "there's one more favor to ask. At home I have a large scrap book with clippings about myself. So will you get me all the newspapers. Want to see if I make page one in large type."

The next morning Joe brought up four newspapers and breakfast on a tray. "I don't want to seem ungrateful," began the professor, "but will you tell your boss I object to having too much mustard on my roast beef sandwiches." It was on the tip of Joe's tongue to say, "You got a nerve to complain," but instead he just shrugged his shoulders and left the room.

For the next three hours the kidnappers played cards downstairs in the living room. "Do we kill this bird the way we did old man Houghton or shall we let him return to his wife?" asked



Joe. Nick the Nicker was on the point of answering when he heard a loud knock on the door. "We don't expect any company," he said to his companions, at the same time letting his hand touch the gun in his hip pocket. "Who's there?" he asked. A low voice replied, "Just had an automobile accident outside. My wife is hurt. Can I come in for a minute?" Nick the Nicker nodded his head and Joe opened the door. In dashed three state troopers, each armed with a sub-machine gun. "One move out of you boys, and you are dead ducks. Take us up to the Professor and be quick about it."

Three startled kidnappers, each securely handcuffed, looked on as Captain Daxid Shortell of the State Highway Patrol congratulated the professor. "Pretty clever idea of you to tip us off where they were holding you prisoner." Nick the Nicker's pride was hurt. "How could the old man contact you cops? He was here all the time." Captain Shortell moved the three shades and the startled gangsters saw across the window strips of newspapers cut into letters which read: "Help. Dr. Tole is held here by kidnappers." And before they could recover from their astonishment, one of the troopers commented. "You certainly are lucky, Dr. Tole. Same gang that killed Sam Houghton. There's about \$25,000 in federal, state, and private rewards coming your way. I guess you really don't need that extra money, considering you just inherited \$200,000."

The Professor chuckled heartily. Then he pointed his index finger at the leader of the kidnappers. "My late nephew should be here to see how his joke of leaving me \$200,000 in Confederate money has turned out. He would squirm in his grave if he knew I made \$25,000 on the deal."



# The BESTED BURGLAR

**P**ETE GORN WAS A THREE TIME LOSER. HE HAD ESCAPED FROM PRISON. THERE WERE REWARDS TOTALLING \$15,000 FOR HIS CAPTURE DEAD OR ALIVE. HIS MOTTO WAS "NO PERSON ALIVE CAN GET THE BEST OF ME." MRS. DOROTHY THAYER HAD JEWELRY AND TO PETE THAT MEANT MONEY.

I KNOW YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF JEWELRY IN THIS PLACE. IF YOU WANT TO STAY HEALTHY, YOU'LL GIVE IT TO ME.

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO ? BURST INTO TEARS AND BEG FOR MERCY? I'VE A FEELING THAT AFTER YOU TAKE MY JEWELRY, YOU'LL KILL ME.

SAY JIM, I'D LIKE TO GET PETE GORN, IT'D MEAN A PROMOTION FOR ME.

EVERY MAN ON THE FORCE IS OUT LOOKING FOR HIM. THEY SAY HE'S A DEADLY KILLER WITH A PERFECT AIM.

**WANTED**  
014713 014713  
**PETE GORN**  
MAY 10, 1934

**I**F THE NEWSBOY HAD ONLY KNOWN THE IDENTITY OF THE MAN BUYING A PAPER.

GET YOUR LATEST EXTRA / POLICE LOOKING FOR ESCAPED CONVICT. LATEST REPORTS SEEN HERE IN CITY !

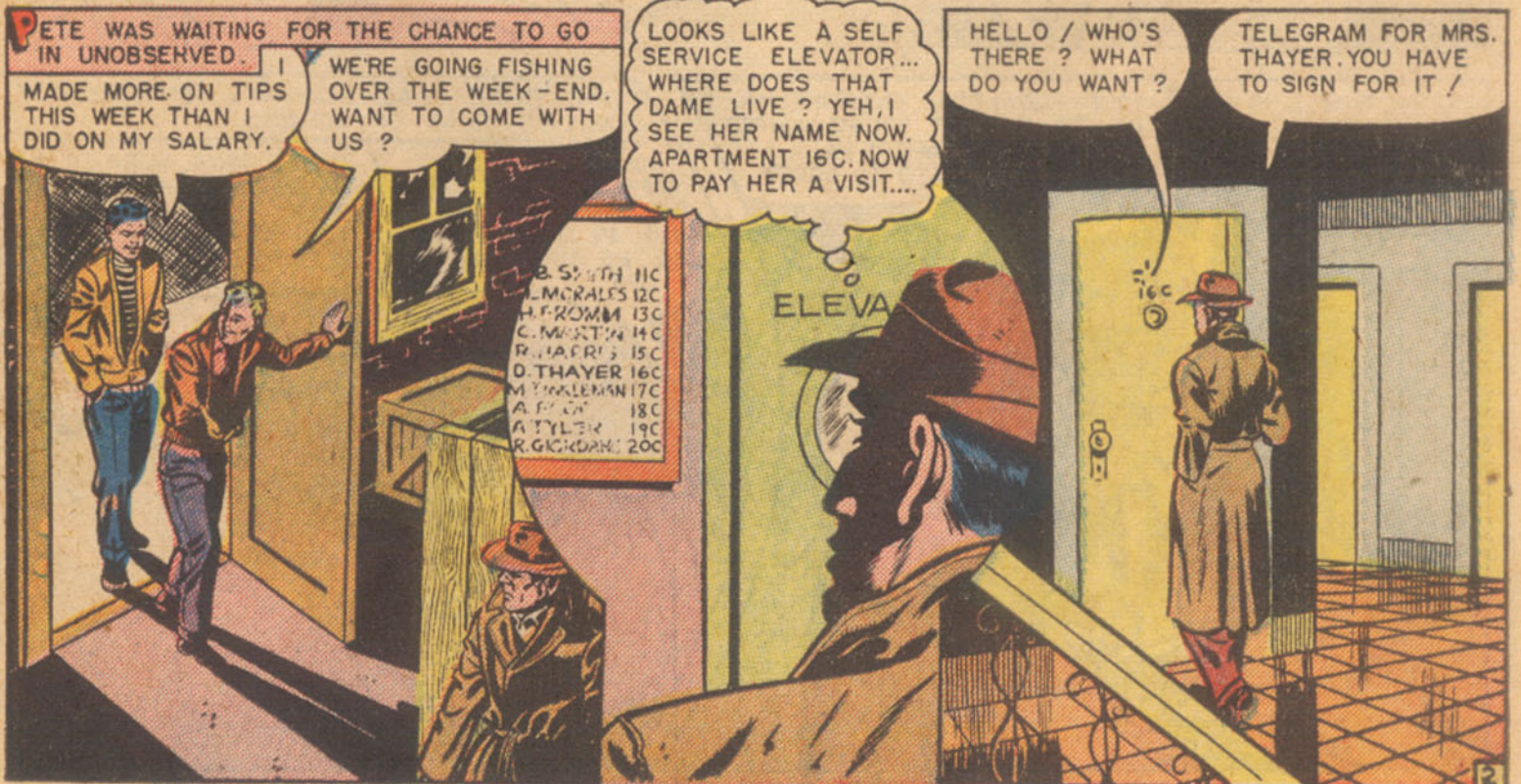
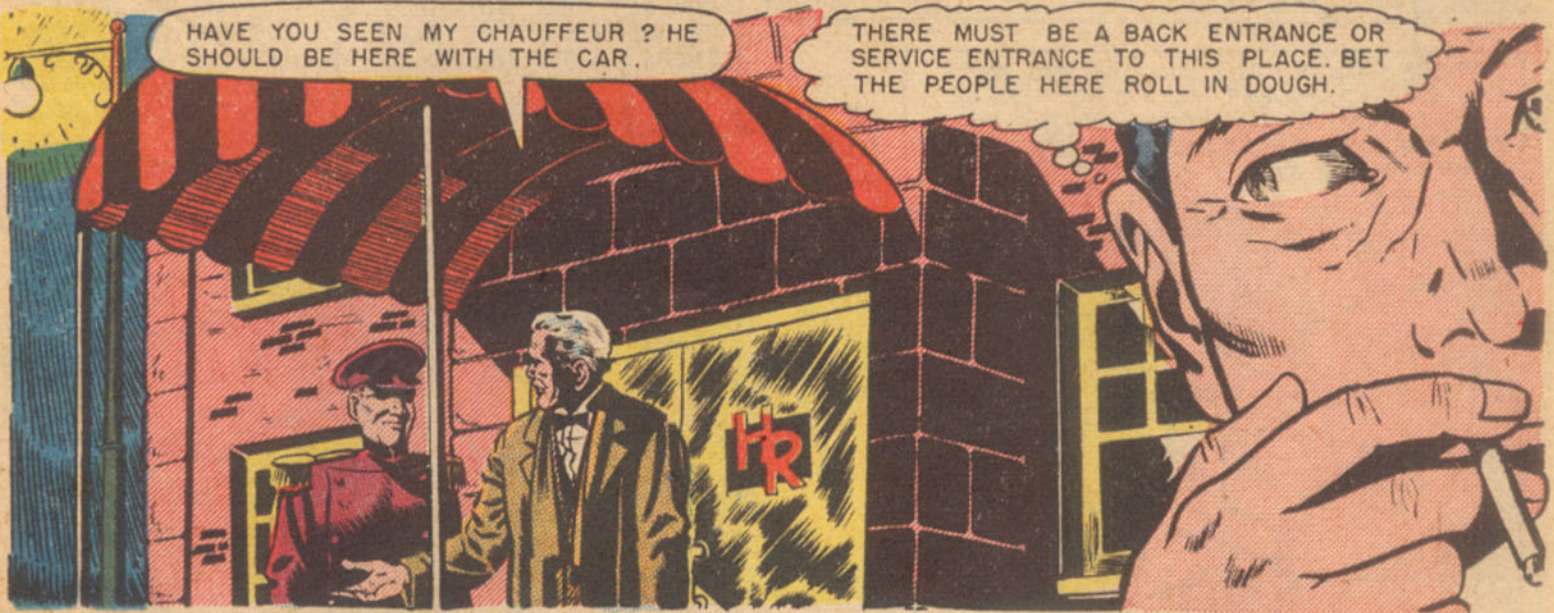
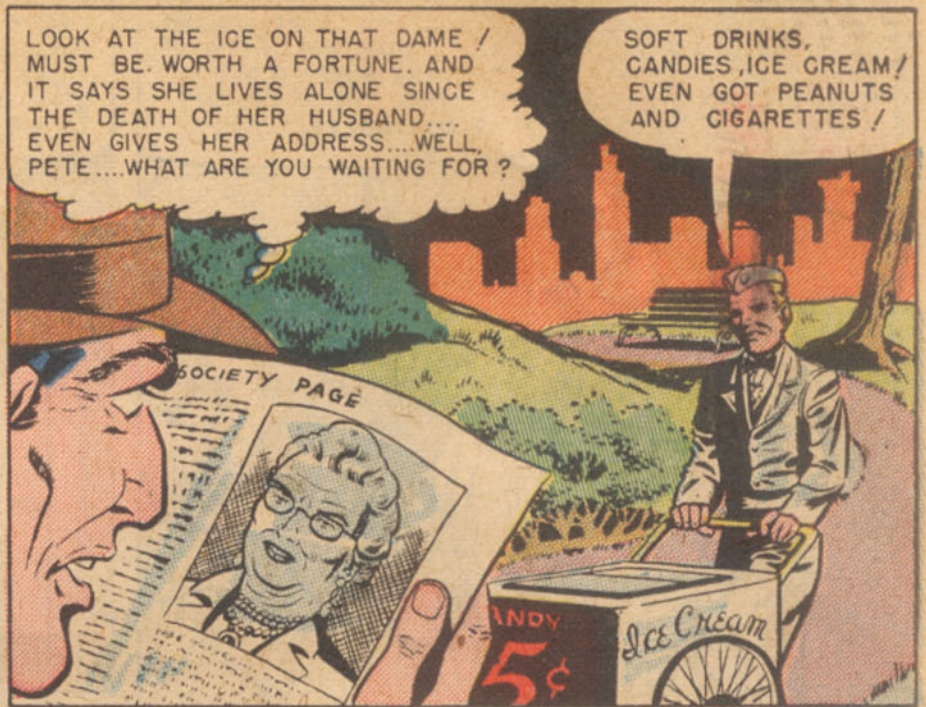
GIVE ME A PAPER, BOY... WONDER IF THE COPS THINK THEY ARE GOING TO CAPTURE PETE GORN.... ?

Dick Giordano





# CRIME AND JUSTICE





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

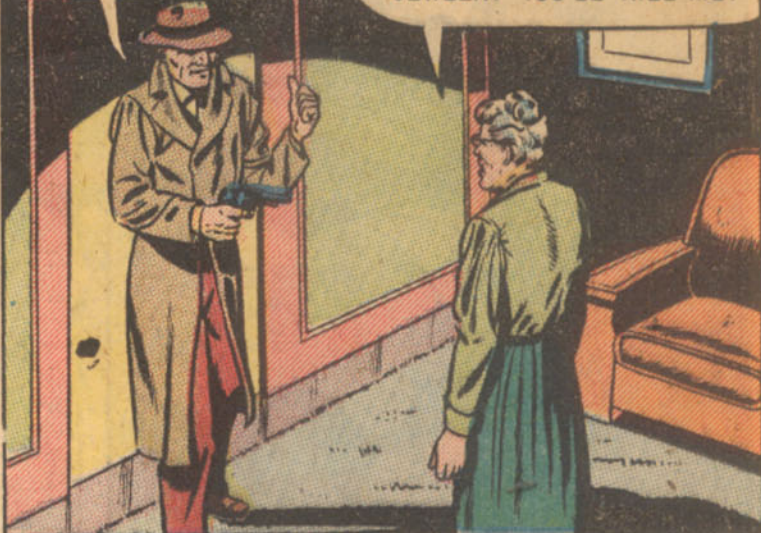
BE A NICE DAME AND DON'T SHOUT FOR HELP. JUST START WALKING BACK INTO YOUR LIVING ROOM. I WANT TO SEE THIS JOINT.

YOU AREN'T A MESSENGER BOY / THAT WAS JUST AN OLD TIME RUSE TO GET ME TO OPEN THE DOOR, AND AT MY AGE I FELL FOR IT.



I KNOW YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF JEWELRY IN THIS PLACE. IF YOU WANT TO STAY HEALTHY, GIVE IT TO ME!

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO? BURST INTO TEARS AND BEG FOR MERCY? I HAVE A FEELING THAT AFTER YOU GET MY JEWELRY YOU'LL KILL ME.



SUPPOSE I TOLD YOU THE TRUTH? I HAVEN'T A CENT TO MY NAME. I OWE THE MANAGEMENT RENT FOR THE PAST FOUR MONTHS.

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO? BREAK DOWN AT THE SOB STUFF YOU'RE HANDING ME? COME ON SISTER. STOP STALLING.....

**A**ND MRS. THAYER WAS TELLING THE TRUTH TO PETE! IF HE HAD ONLY BELIEVED HER!



NOW GET THIS STRAIGHT. I'M WANTED BY THE POLICE. THERE'S A BIG REWARD OUT FOR ME. THAT'S WHY I NEED YOUR STUFF, IT'LL KEEP ME IN HIDING FOR A SPELL.

IT SEEMS WE BOTH HAVE THE SAME NEED, JUST ONE SHORT WORD: MONEY / THE LACK OF IT IS THE CAUSE OF MY TROUBLES.



I KNOW THIS KIND OF LAYOUT. BET YOU GOT A CUTE LITTLE WALL SAFE BEHIND THE PICTURE.

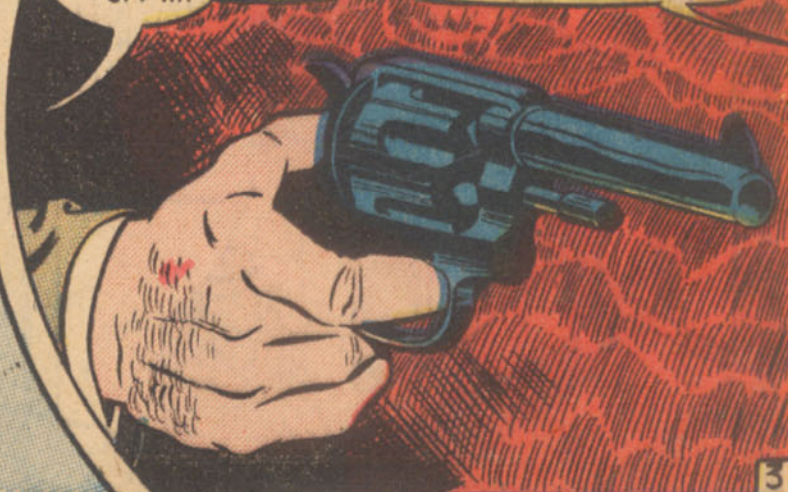
YOUR KNOWLEDGE OVERWHELMS ME. IT'S EVIDENT YOU'VE VISITED OTHER PLACES WHERE A PICTURE WAS USED TO COVER A WALL SAFE.



MRS. THAYER WAS BEGINNING TO FIGURE OUT A CLEVER PLAN OF ACTION.....

NOW OPEN THAT SAFE AND DON'T TAKE TOO LONG ABOUT IT. I HAVE AN ITCHY FINGER AND THE GUN MIGHT GO OFF....

THAT'S WHAT WORRIES ME. I'M SO NERVOUS I CAN'T OPEN THE SAFE WHILE YOU HOLD THAT GUN. PLEASE PUT IT AWAY.....





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

**PETE** HAD PUT THE GUN AWAY. HE KNEW HE COULD HANDLE THE OLD DAME WITH HIS BARE HANDS

I HAVEN'T ALL DAY TO WAIT. IF YOU DON'T GET THAT SAFE OPENED IN A MINUTE, THEN OUT COMES MY GUN.


THE SAFE IS OPENED, AND YOU'LL GET WHAT IS COMING TO YOU.....



LITTLE DID PETE KNOW MRS. THAYER HAD A BUZZER ALARM IN HER SAFE TO SIGNAL FOR HELP.....

NOW I HAVE A GUN IN MY HAND. AND DON'T YOU TRY TO GO FOR YOUR GUN.

YOU DIZZY DAME / WONDER WHO TOLD YOU ABOUT KEEPING A GUN IN YOUR SAFE... NICE TRICK AT THAT



GIVE ME THAT GUN / YOU MIGHT GET HURT... AIEEE / I'M HIT.....

IF YOU COME ANY CLOSER, I'LL FIRE AGAIN. AND I'M NOT FOOLING. YOU'RE A DANGEROUS MAN. YOU TOLD ME SO, YOURSELF.....



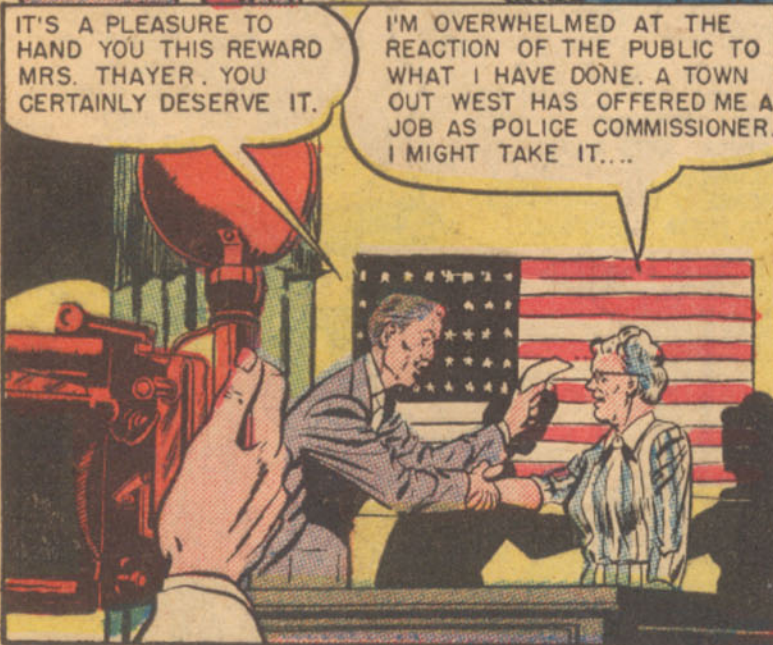
THIS'LL CERTAINLY MAKE THE HEADLINES. I BET YOU'LL GET OFFERS FROM RADIO, TELEVISION, AND THE MOVIES. YOU CERTAINLY ARE ONE OF THE BRAVEST AND COOLEST WOMEN I'VE EVER MET !

I UNDERSTAND THERE IS A LITTLE MATTER CONCERNING A REWARD. MY LATE HUSBAND TOLD ME ABOUT KEEPING A GUN IN THE SAFE.



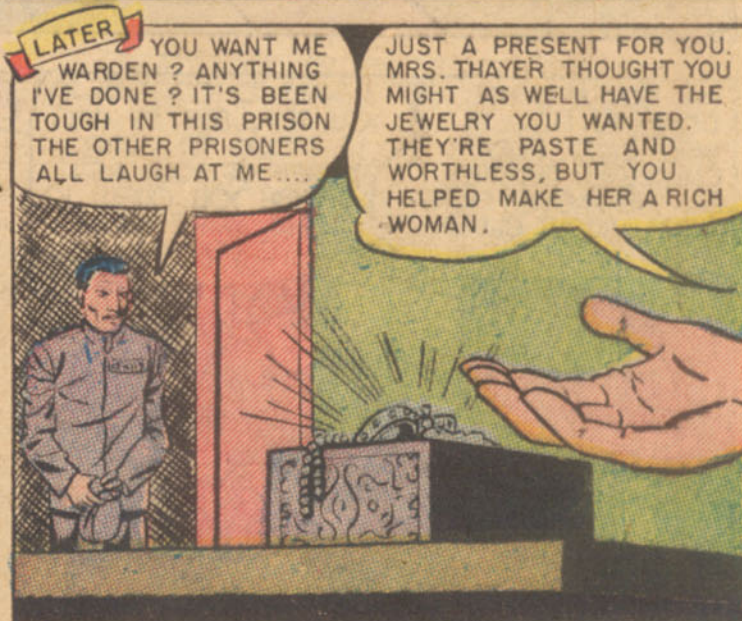
IT'S A PLEASURE TO HAND YOU THIS REWARD MRS. THAYER. YOU CERTAINLY DESERVE IT.

I'M OVERWHELMED AT THE REACTION OF THE PUBLIC TO WHAT I HAVE DONE. A TOWN OUT WEST HAS OFFERED ME A JOB AS POLICE COMMISSIONER. I MIGHT TAKE IT....



**LATER** YOU WANT ME WARDEN ? ANYTHING I'VE DONE ? IT'S BEEN TOUGH IN THIS PRISON THE OTHER PRISONERS ALL LAUGH AT ME....

JUST A PRESENT FOR YOU. MRS. THAYER THOUGHT YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE THE JEWELRY YOU WANTED. THEY'RE PASTE AND WORTHLESS, BUT YOU HELPED MAKE HER A RICH WOMAN.



AN OLD DAME GOT THE BEST OF PETE YOU COULD CALL HIM THE BESTED BURGLAR



CRIME AND JUSTICE

# RADIO PATROL



**F**OLLOW THE RADIO PATROL IN ANOTHER ONE OF THEIR EXCITING ADVENTURES... AS TEX AND BARRY MEET UP WITH MURDER, ARSON, AND A GANG OF RUTHLESS KILLERS. WHEN THE MEAGER CLUES ARE ADDED UP THEY FIND A GREAT SURPRISE BEHIND IT ALL.

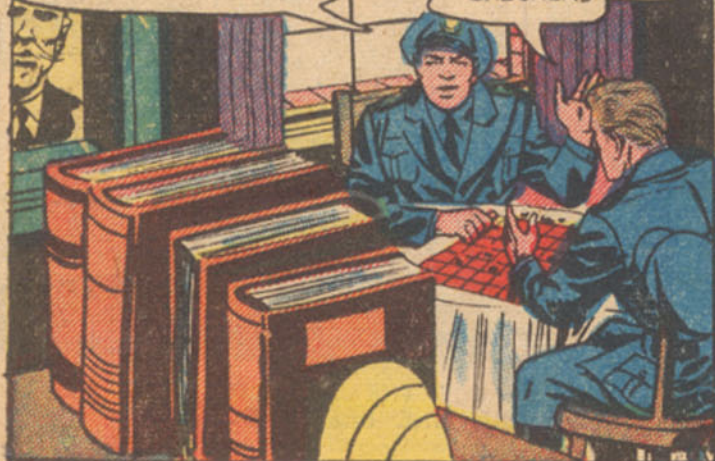
in

"WE  
GAS STATION  
MURDERS"

JOHN  
BELFI

I'VE GOT A COUSIN DOWN IN FLORIDA WHO CAN'T PLAY CHECKERS, BUT THEY SAY HE KNOWS EVERYTHING ABOUT CHESS.

I HATE TO DO THIS TO YOU, TEX. BUT MY KING IS GOING TO JUMP THREE OF YOUR MEN. MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO LEARN MORE ABOUT CHECKERS!



**S**UDDENLY...

GET OVER TO PIERCE'S GAS STATION... HALF MILE SOUTH ON HIGHWAY 22A. WE JUST GOT A CALL FROM MRS. PIERCE, SHE SOUNDS HYSTERICAL. SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HER HUSBAND.

WE'RE ON OUR WAY, CHIEF. JOHN PIERCE IS A SWELL FELLOW. HE SOLD HIS GAS STATION IN THE CITY AND BOUGHT ONE OUT ON THE HIGHWAY.





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

TWO MEN TOOK MY HUSBAND AWAY... I MUST HAVE FAINTED FOR A FEW MINUTES... THEY CUT THE PHONE CORD IN THE OFFICE. BUT THE MAIN CONNECTION IS IN THE HOUSE.

DID YOU GET THE LICENSE NUMBER OF THE CAR? CAN YOU GIVE US A DESCRIPTION OF THE MEN?



MRS. PIERCE HELPED US AS MUCH AS SHE COULD... BUT STILL, THERE WERE MANY THINGS TO BE KNOWN... CLUES WERE VAGUE...

C'MON, TEX... WE'LL HEAD SOUTH FOR ABOUT THIRTY MILES. WE MIGHT BE LUCKY AND PICK UP SOME CLUES. WE HAVEN'T MUCH TO GO ON.

PLEASE BRING MY HUSBAND BACK TO ME. IF IT'S MONEY THEY WANT, I'LL GIVE THEM EVERY CENT WE HAVE IN THE BANK!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER THE RADIO PATROL CAR FOUND SOMETHING TRAGIC...

GOSH! WE CAN'T TELL MRS. PIERCE HER HUSBAND IS DEAD... THAT'LL BE UP TO THE CHIEF.

WONDER WHAT THE MOTIVE COULD HAVE BEEN! HE WAS LIKED BY EVERYONE.



THAT'S RIGHT CHIEF... WE'RE SURE IT'S PIERCE'S BODY... WE'LL CONTINUE OUR SEARCH AS SOON AS YOU GET HERE.

REMEMBER TO TELL THE CHIEF HE'LL HAVE TO BREAK THE BAD NEWS TO MRS. PIERCE.

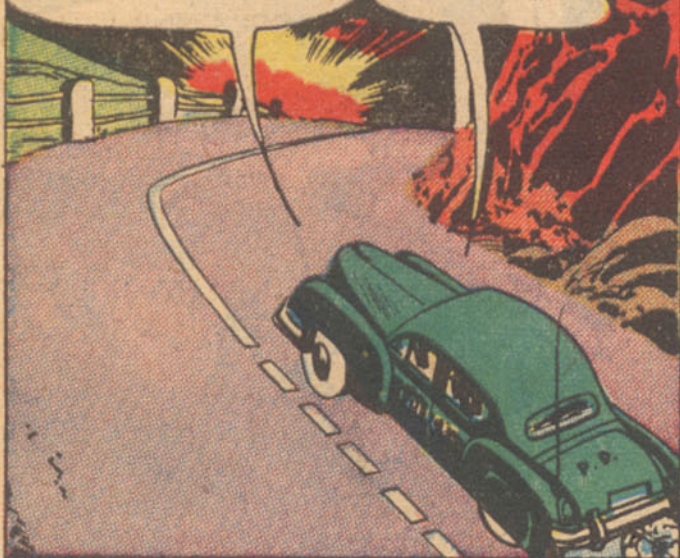


SAY, BARRY... LOOK AT THAT GLOW IN THE SKY. MUST BE A FIRE DOWN THE HIGHWAY. WONDER WHAT IT COULD BE?

CRAWLEY'S BARN IS ON THAT SIDE OF THE ROAD... AND A GAS STATION... C'MON, STEP ON IT!

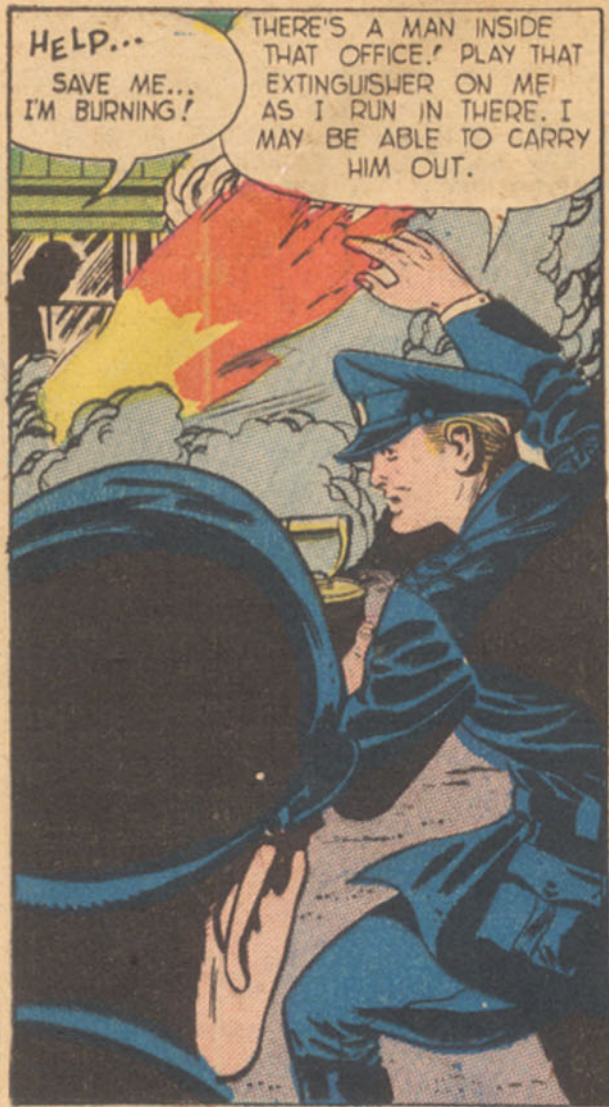
WELL, THERE'S NOT MUCH WE CAN DO TO FIGHT THIS... THE ENTIRE GAS STATION WILL BE UP IN FLAMES IN A MINUTE.

QUICK... THERE'S AN OFFICE IN THE BACK. BETTER GO AROUND AND MAKE SURE NO ONE IS INSIDE...



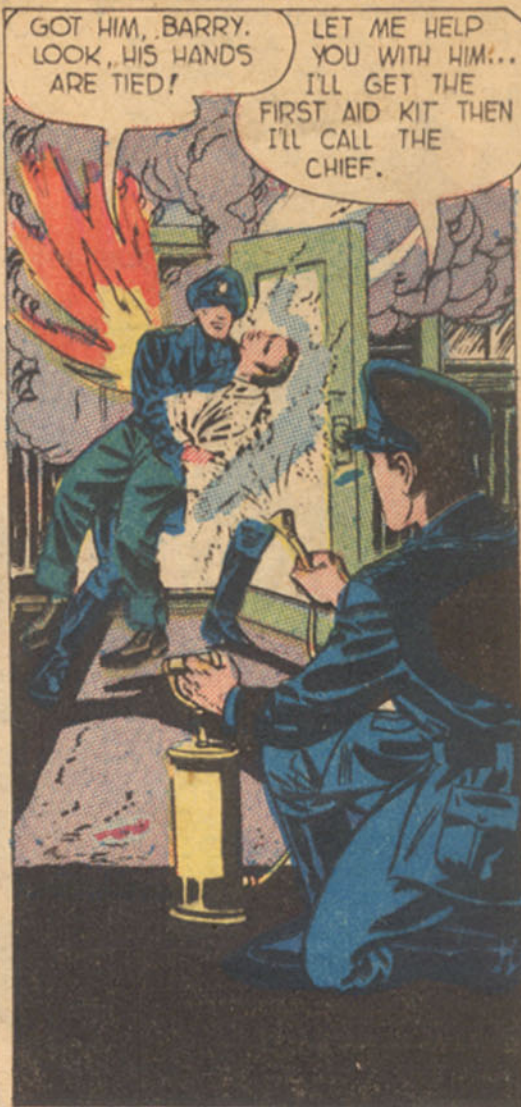


# CRIME AND JUSTICE



HELP...  
SAVE ME...  
I'M BURNING!

THERE'S A MAN INSIDE  
THAT OFFICE. PLAY THAT  
EXTINGUISHER ON ME!  
AS I RUN IN THERE. I  
MAY BE ABLE TO CARRY  
HIM OUT.



GOT HIM, BARRY.  
LOOK, HIS HANDS  
ARE TIED!

LET ME HELP  
YOU WITH HIM...  
I'LL GET THE  
FIRST AID KIT THEN  
I'LL CALL THE  
CHIEF.



... THEY WANTED ME  
TO JOIN A PROTECTIVE  
ASSOCIATION... WHEN I  
REFUSED... THEY TIED...  
AND TORTURED ME...  
BURNED MY STATION...  
IT... IT WAS...

GOSH! HE'S  
DEAD...



WE'RE HEADING  
FOR BILL BARBER'S  
GAS STATION. HE  
OUGHT TO BE  
ABLE TO TELL  
US SOMETHING  
ABOUT THIS  
NEW RACKET.

THE CHIEF  
THINKS THAT'S  
A GOOD  
IDEA... HE  
AND THE CORONER  
CAN PICK UP THE  
SECOND BODY.



SAY, BILL... DO YOU KNOW  
ANYTHING ABOUT SOME  
GANGSTERS WHO ARE  
TRYING TO FORCE YOU  
FELLOWS INTO A  
PROTECTIVE  
ASSOCIATION?

THEY KILLED TWO MEN AND BURNED  
DOWN ONE GAS STATION... THEY'RE  
CRAZY IF THEY THINK THEY CAN  
GET AWAY WITH IT!

GOOD WORK! NOW WE  
HAVE SOMETHING TO GO ON.  
NEVER HEARD OF THOSE TWO  
BOYS... MUST BE NEW IN THESE  
PARTS. C'MON LET'S PAY THEM A VISIT.

I SURE DO... THEY  
GAVE ME UNTIL NEXT  
WEEK TO DECIDE, SO  
I DID A LITTLE  
DETECTIVE WORK  
ON MY OWN AND  
FOLLOWED THEM...  
ONE IS CALLED JOE  
HAUSER AND THE  
OTHER IS MIKE DORNIC.  
THEY HANG OUT AT  
DIEMER'S TAVERN.



# CRIME AND JUSTICE



ACCORDING TO THE DESCRIPTION THAT BILL GAVE US, THIS MIKE DORNIC HAS A LONG SCAR ON THE LEFT SIDE OF HIS FACE, HE SHOULD BE EASY TO PICK OUT.

I KNOW THE BARTENDER, MOE WARRENTS... HE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE TWO BOYS.

HELLO, MOE! WE'RE LOOKING FOR TWO FELLOWS NAMED MIKE DORNIC AND JOE HAUSER... KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THEM?

SORRY I CAN'T HELP YOU... BARRY. WE GET A LOT OF FOLKS IN HERE. COULD BE THAT THEY'RE USING DIFFERENT NAMES. TAKE A LOOK AROUND THE PLACE.

**T**EX AND BARRY WERE HEADED FOR TROUBLE...



THERE ARE TWO MEN WHO FIT THE GENERAL DESCRIPTION. AND LOOK... ONE HAS A SCAR ON HIS FACE.

THAT'S RIGHT... LET'S WALK UP AND QUESTION THEM.



I DON'T LIKE SNOOPY FLATFOOTS AND YOU TWO NEED A LESSON.



LOOK OUT, BARRY... DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!



COME ON, TEX. THEY BOTH GOT OUT THAT DOOR. PROBABLY HEADED FOR THEIR CAR.

SOON AS I GET TO MY FEET... THEY'RE OUR BOYS ALL RIGHT!

**BANG**



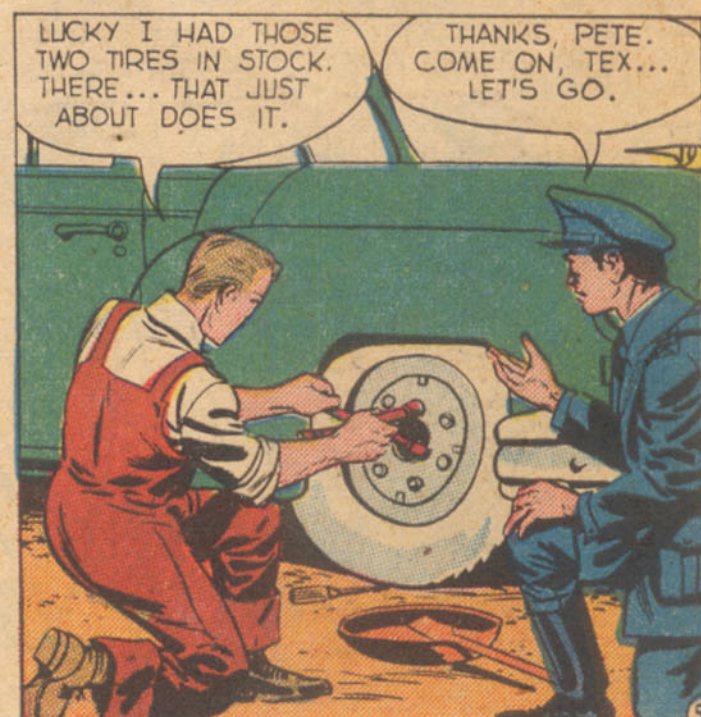
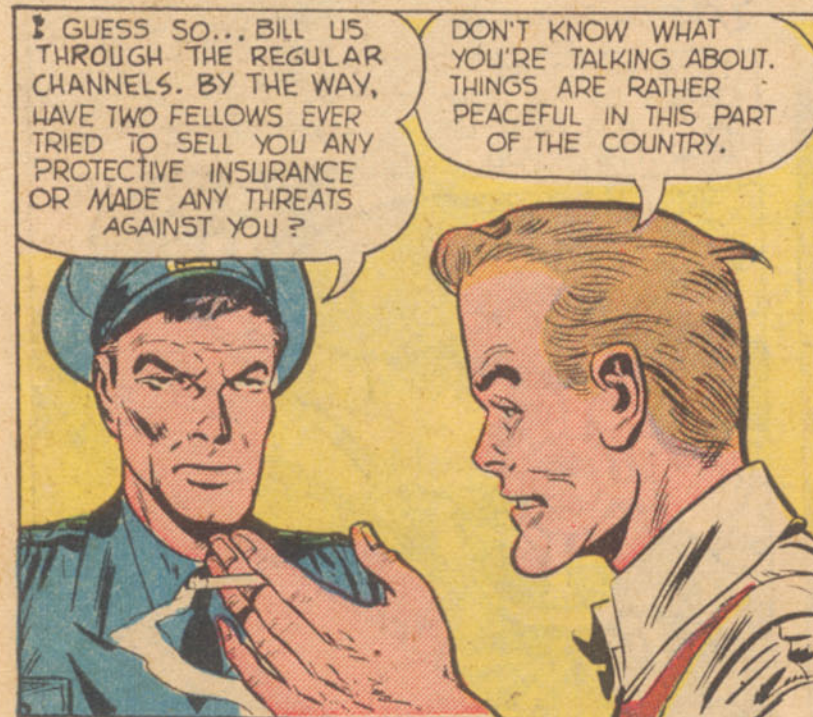
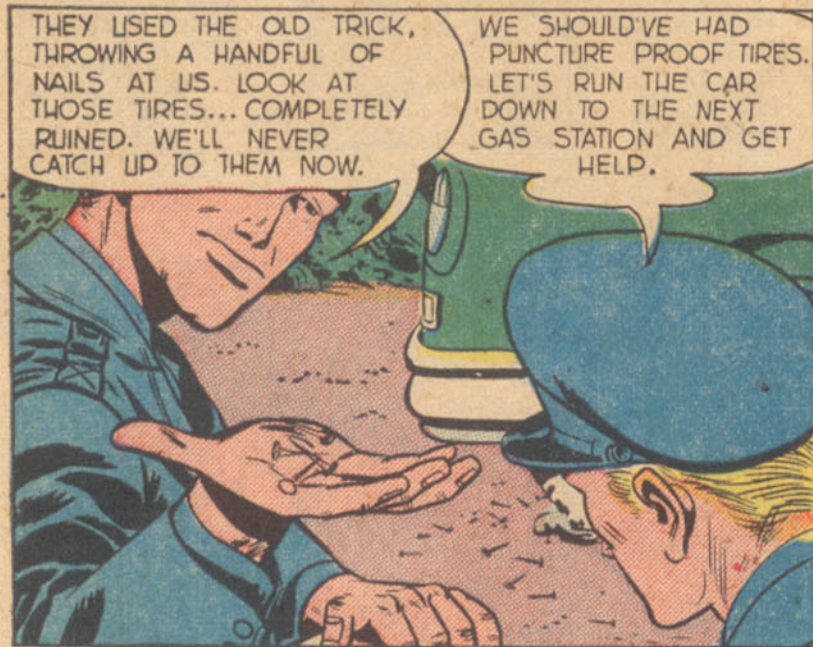
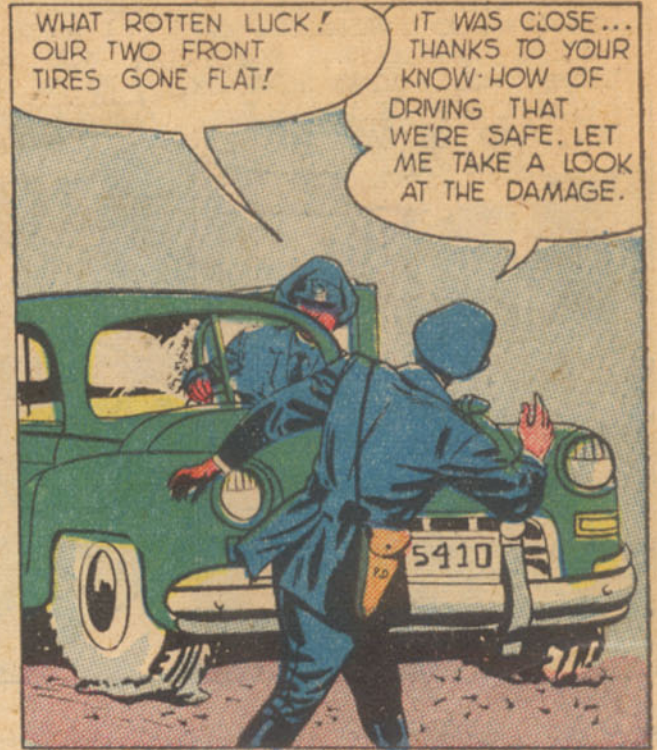
**T**HE CHASE WAS ON...

I'LL KEEP TO THE CENTER OF THE ROAD. SHOOT FOR THEIR LEFT REAR TIRE IF YOU CAN!

THEY GOT AWAY FAST, BUT WE'RE GAINING ON THEM. I SHOULD BE ABLE TO PUNCTURE THEIR TIRES.



# CRIME AND JUSTICE



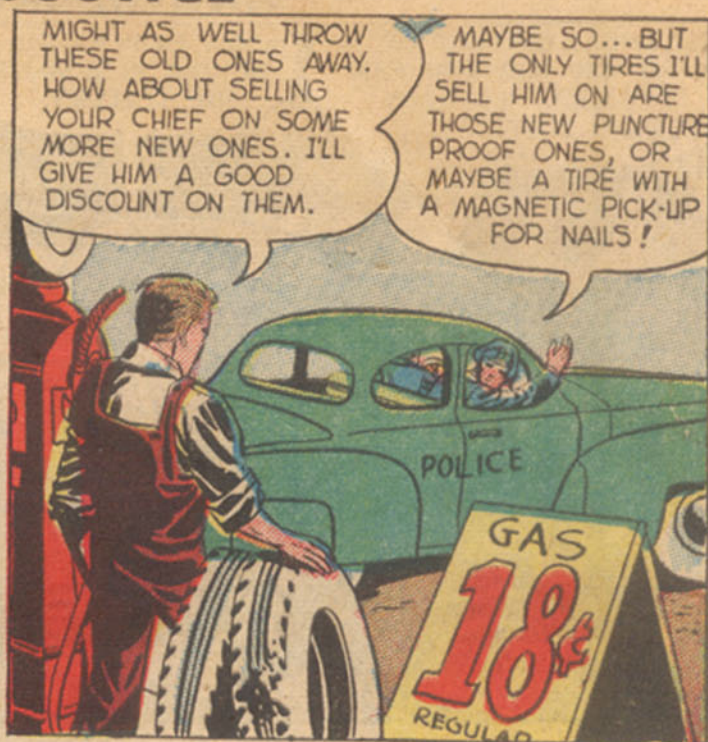


# CRIME AND JUSTICE



YOU TWO CERTAINLY LOOK TIRED. I GUESS CHASING THOSE TWO CROOKS WASN'T EXACTLY WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL FUN!

I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT I **AM** DEAD TIRED! WELL, SO LONG PETE.



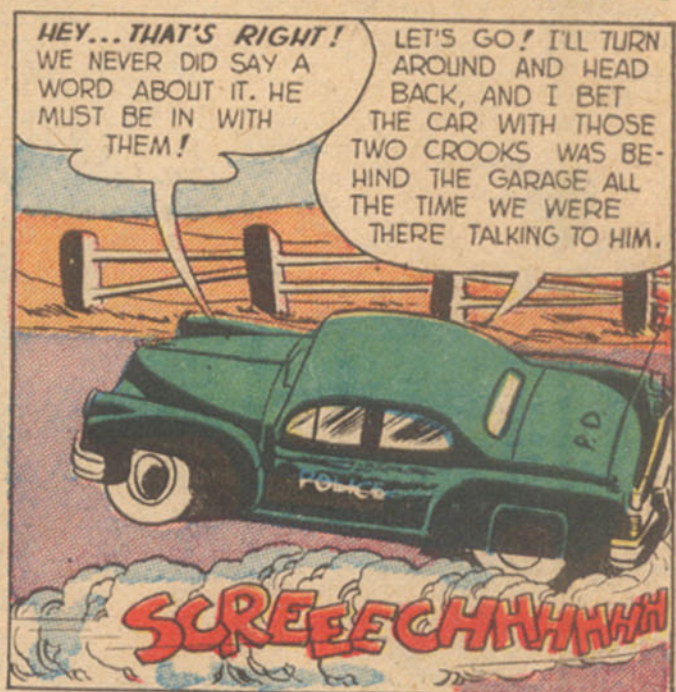
MIGHT AS WELL THROW THESE OLD ONES AWAY. HOW ABOUT SELLING YOUR CHIEF ON SOME MORE NEW ONES. I'LL GIVE HIM A GOOD DISCOUNT ON THEM.

MAYBE SO... BUT THE ONLY TIRES I'LL SELL HIM ON ARE THOSE NEW PUNCTURE PROOF ONES, OR MAYBE A TIRE WITH A MAGNETIC PICK-UP FOR NAILS!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, TEX? FOR THE PAST FEW MINUTES YOU HAVEN'T SAID A WORD. DO YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT?

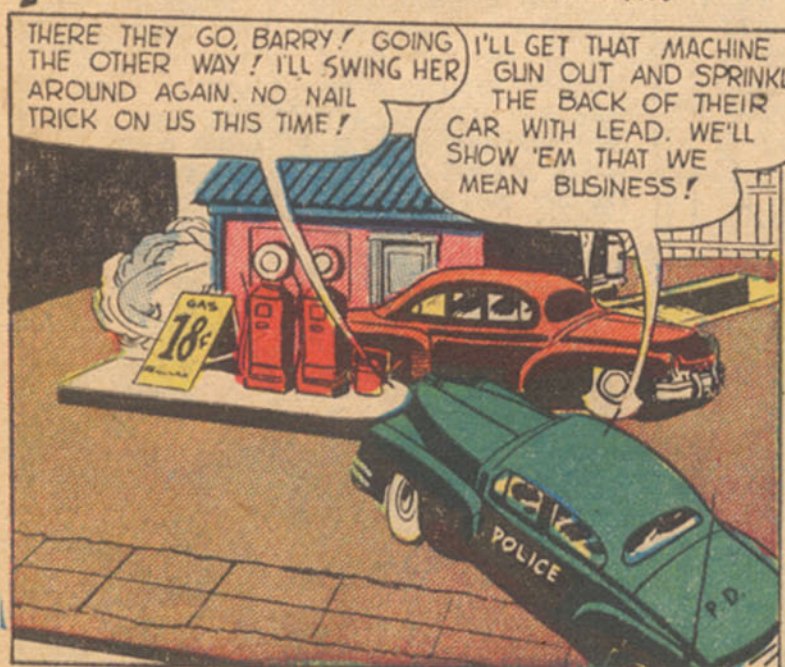
SURE... JUST THINKING ABOUT SOMETHING THAT'S BEEN BOTHERING ME. I DON'T REMEMBER TELLING PETE WE'RE CHASING TWO CROOKS!



HEY... THAT'S RIGHT! WE NEVER DID SAY A WORD ABOUT IT. HE MUST BE IN WITH THEM!

LET'S GO! I'LL TURN AROUND AND HEAD BACK, AND I BET THE CAR WITH THOSE TWO CROOKS WAS BEHIND THE GARAGE ALL THE TIME WE WERE THERE TALKING TO HIM.

**TEX'S HUNCH TURNED OUT TO BE CORRECT...**



THERE THEY GO, BARRY! GOING THE OTHER WAY! I'LL SWING HER AROUND AGAIN. NO NAIL TRICK ON US THIS TIME!

I'LL GET THAT MACHINE GUN OUT AND SPRINKLE THE BACK OF THEIR CAR WITH LEAD. WE'LL SHOW 'EM THAT WE MEAN BUSINESS!



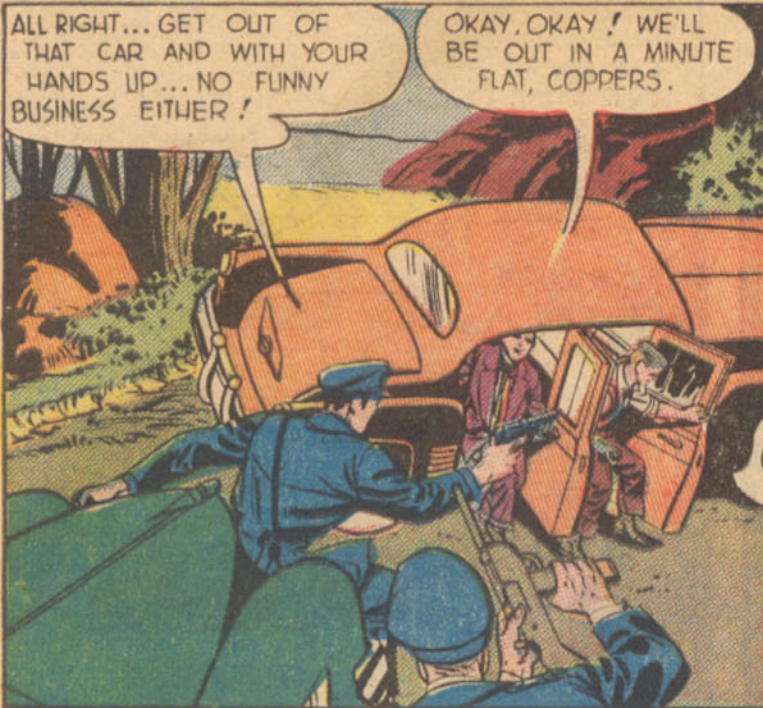
IF THIS DOESN'T STOP THEM, THEN THEY MUST BE CRAZY! I HIT BOTH THEIR TIRES AND THE GAS TANK IS LEAKING...

THEY CAN'T GO MUCH FARTHER! WE'RE ALMOST ON TOP OF THEM NOW.

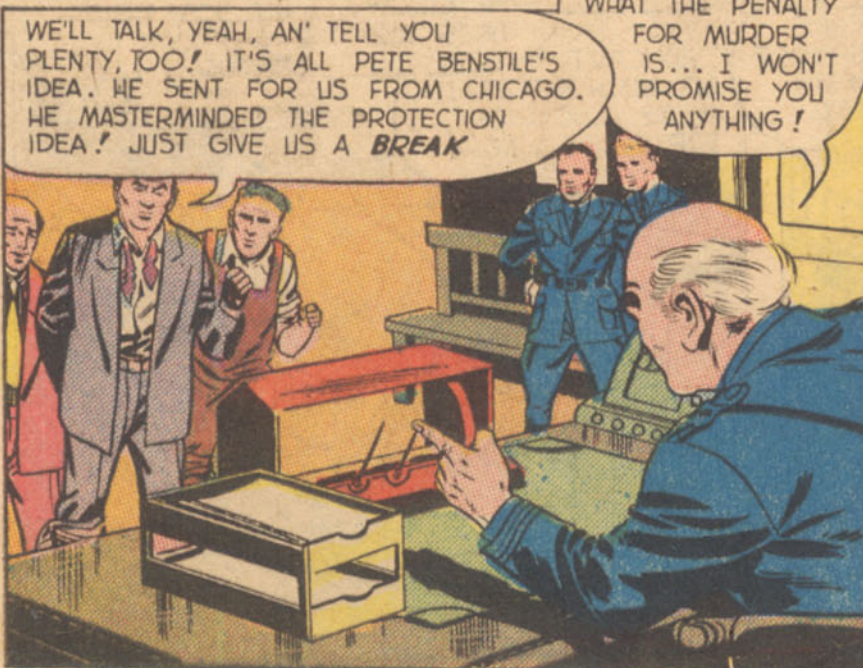
RAT. TAT. TAT.



# CRIME AND JUSTICE



**L**ATER, BACK AT HEADQUARTERS...



**I**N THE NEXT ISSUE, ADVENTURE AND CRIME AGAIN RIDE SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE RADIO PATROL

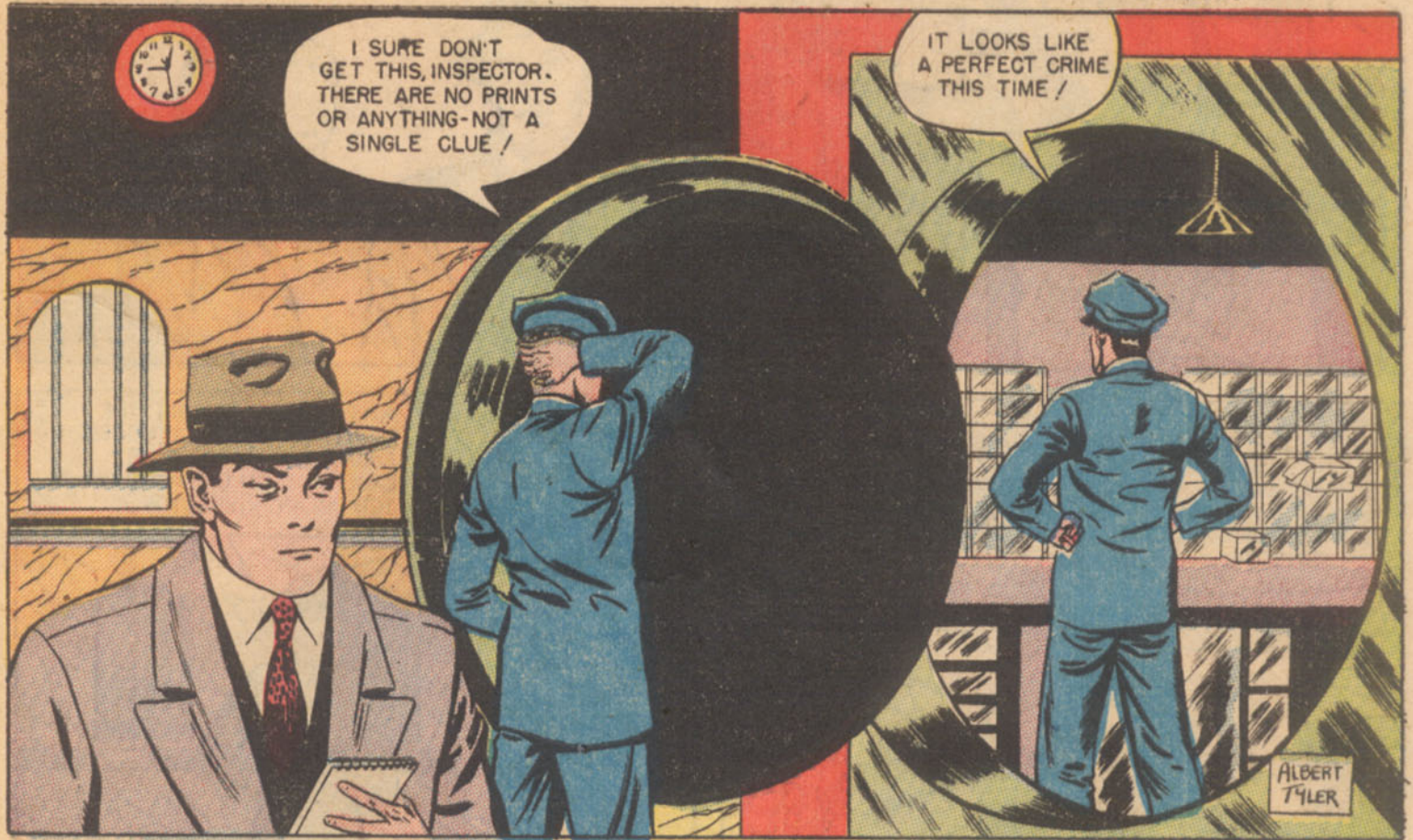
*The*  
END



## CRIME AND JUSTICE

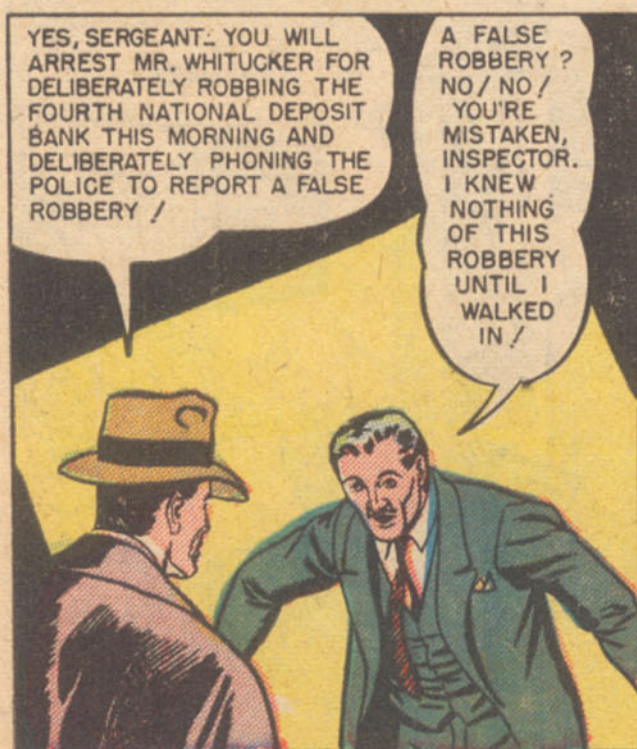
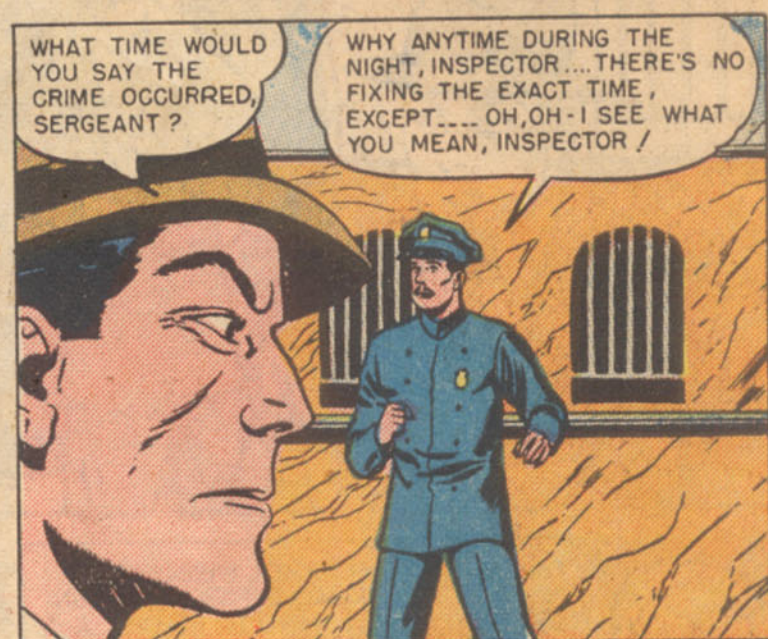
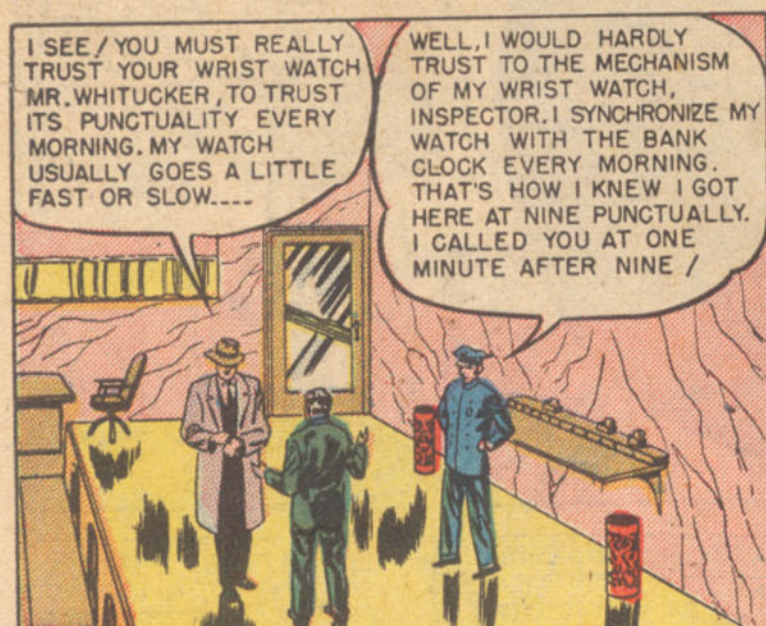
# THE CASE OF THE **OPENED VAULT**

**T**EST YOUR WITS AGAINST A POLICE INSPECTOR WHO  
FINDS A CLUE TO SOLVE A BANK ROBBERY!

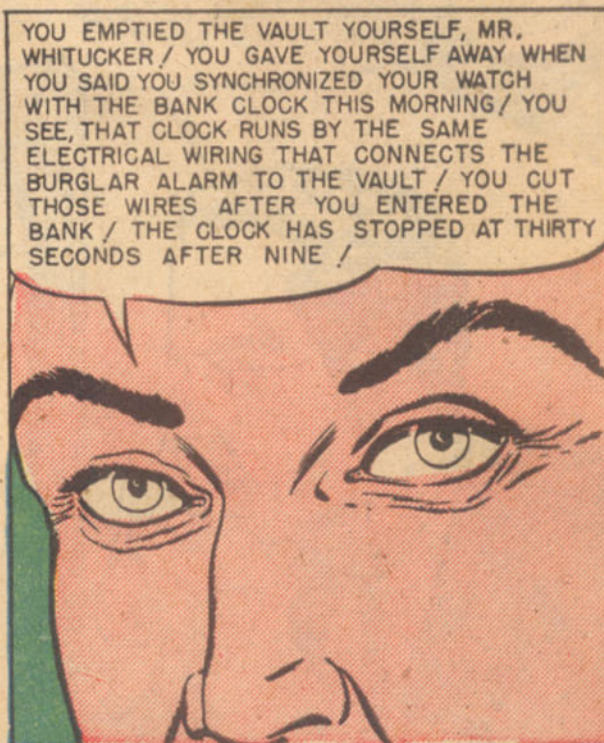




# CRIME AND JUSTICE

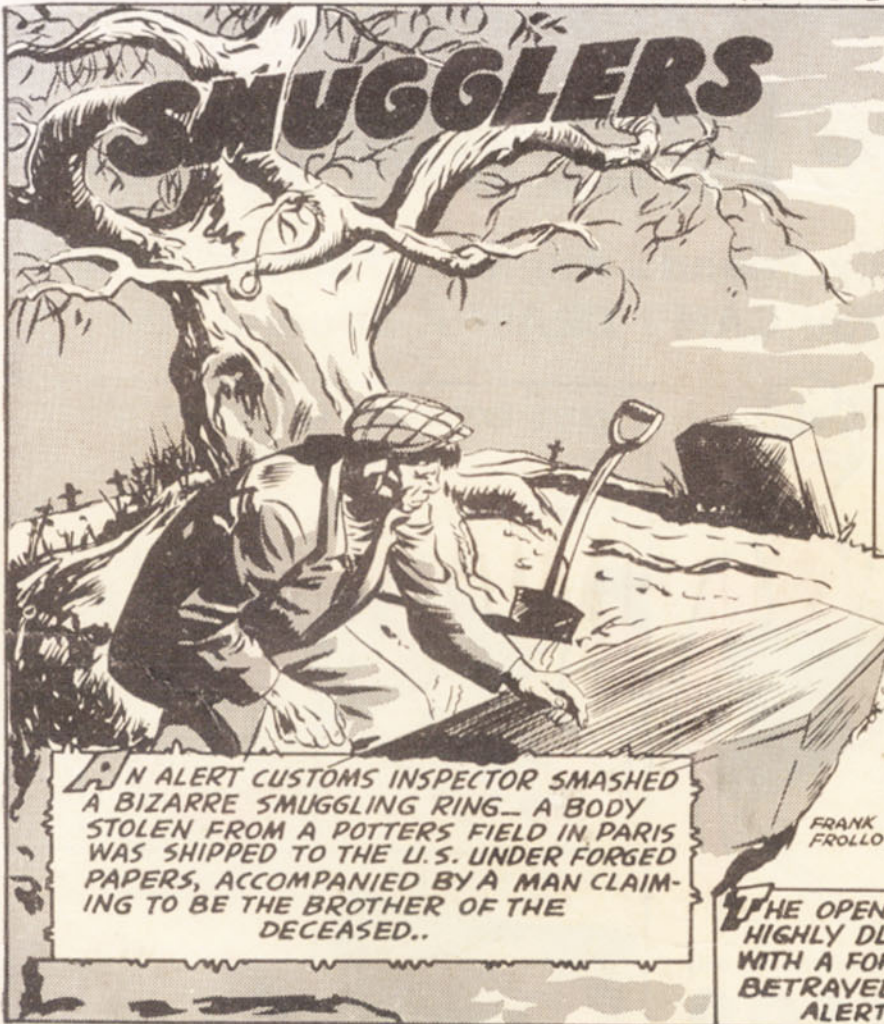


**H**AVE YOU DETECTED THE CLUE THAT CAUSED THE INSPECTOR TO DEMAND MR. WHITUCKER'S ARREST? IF SO, CHECK YOUR FACTS WITH THE SOLUTION OF THE CASE -----

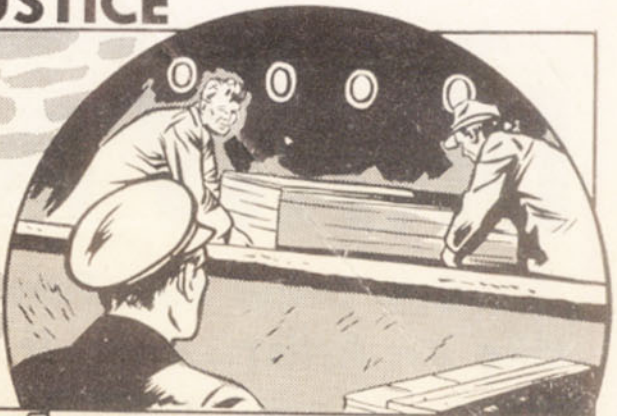




# CRIME AND JUSTICE



**AN ALERT CUSTOMS INSPECTOR SMASHED A BIZARRE SMUGGLING RING—A BODY STOLEN FROM A POTTERS FIELD IN PARIS WAS SHIPPED TO THE U.S. UNDER FORGED PAPERS, ACCOMPANIED BY A MAN CLAIMING TO BE THE BROTHER OF THE DECEASED..**



**A U.S. CUSTOMS INSPECTOR REMEMBERED SEEING THE SAME MAN WITH THE CASKET A MONTH PREVIOUS ARRIVING FROM FRANCE WITH THE BODY OF HIS SISTER. HE DEMANDED THAT THE CASKET BE OPENED...**



FRANK FROLLO

**THE OPEN CASKET REVEALED THE BODY WRAPPED IN HIGHLY DUTIABLE LACES AND FABRICS ADORNED WITH A FORTUNE IN JEWELS. ANOTHER SMUGGLER BETRAYED BY HIS OWN INGENUITY AND THE ALERTNESS OF U.S. CUSTOM AGENTS.**

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SOMEONE  
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CRIME + JUSTICE #9

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SMITHS

11

\*

ALICE ROBBINS

11

\*

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GIORDANO \*

NOTE SMITHS ON PG. 2 ~~MORE~~ NAMES ARE 100% SHOP!!

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